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THE GOOSE GIRL

A Romantic Story By HAROLD MacGRATH

Author of

The Man on the Box, The Lure of the Mask, etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"They will suspend the catastrophe ll we are ready to meet it. The marage is not to take place till spring. hat will give us plenty of time. After e coronation his majesty may be rought to reason. This marriage ust not fall through now. The grand uke will not care to become the aughing-stock of Enrope. The prince's dvice is for you to go about your afirs as usual. Only one man must be aken into your confidence, and that an is Herbeck. If any one can traighten out his end of the tangle is he. He is a big man, of fertile vention; he will understand. If this hing falls through his honors will fall ith it. He will work toward peace, hough from what I have learned the uke would not shun war."

"Where is the prince?"

"Wherever he is, he is working for best interests of the state. Don't orry about his royal highness; he's a an."

"When did you come?"

"This morning. Though I have been re before in this same guise."

"There is the Bavarian princess," remarked the ambassador musingly.

"Ha! A good thought! But the king romantic; she is older than he, and ugly."

"You are not telling me everything," ntuitively.

"I know it. I am telling you all that at present necessary.

"You make me the unhappiest man the kingdom! I have worked so ard and long toward this end. When id the king decline this alliance?"

"Evidently the moment he heard of I have his letter in my pocket. I m requested to read it to you. Lisen:

"My illustrious and Industrious Uncle—egret exceedingly that at this late day I ould cause you political embarrassent; but when I gave my consent to the ousal of any of the various princesses liberty, surely it was understood that ohenstein was not to be considered. I efuse to marry the daughter of the man ho privately strove to cover my father ith contumely, who dared to impute to m a crime that was any man's but my ther's. I realize that certain policies lled for this stroke on your part, but it annot be. My dear uncle, you have gged a fine pit, and I hope you will find safe way out of it. I refuse to marry e Princess Hildegarde. This is final. It n be arranged without any discredit to e duke or to yourself. Let it be said at her serene highnes has thrown me er, I shan't go to war about it.

Frederick.

"Observe 'My illustrious and industious uncle'!" laughed the carter without mirth. "Our king, you will see, has graceful style."

"Your tone is not respectful," warned the ambassador.

"Neither is the state of my mind. h, my king is a fine fellow; he will ttle down like his father before him; t today—" The carter dropped his rms dejectedly.

"There is something going on."

"What, you are likely to learn at any oment. Pardon me, Baron, but if I ared I would tell you all. But his ighness' commands are over me and must obey them. It would be a mental lief to tell some one."

"Curse these opera-dancers!"

The carter laughed. "Aye, where ings are concerned. But you do him justice. Frederick is as mild as trephon." He gained his feet. He was oung, pleasant of face, but a thorugh soldier.

"You are Lieutenant von Radenein!" cried the ambassador. "I recgnize you now."

"Thanks, your excellency!"

"You are in the royal household, the egent's invisible arm. I have heard good deal about you. I knew your ather well."

"Again, thanks. Now, the regent has eard certain rumors regarding an merican namer Carmichael, a consul. e is often seen with her highness. ather an extraordinary privilege."

"Rest your mind there, Lieutenant. is Carmichael is harmless. You unerstand, her highness has not always een surrounded by royal etiquette. She as had her freedom too long not to row restive under restraint. The merican is a pleasant fellow, but not orth considering. Americans will ever understand the ways of court fe. Still, he is a gentleman, and so r there is nothing compromising in at situation. He can be eliminated at ny time."

"This is reassuring. You will see the hancellor tonight and show him this tter?"

"I will, and God help us all to raighten out this blunder!"

"Amen to that! One word more, and en I'm off. If a butcher or a baker, r even a mountaineer pulls the bell-ord and shews this ring, admit him ithout fail. He will have vital news. nd now, good night and good luck to our excellency."

For half an hour the ambassador emained staring at the candlesticks. y and by he resumed his chair. What hould he do? Where should he begin? uppose the chancellor should look at he situation adversely, from the duke's ngle of vision, should the duke learn? There was but one thing to do and hat was to go boldly to Herbeck and ay the matter before him frankly. either Jugendheit nor Ehrenstein anted war. The chancellor was wise; would be better to dally with the uth than needlessly to sacrifice ten housand lives. But what had the lieuenant further to conceal? The ambasador wanted no dinner. He rang for is hat and coat, and 20 mintes later e was in the chancellor's cabinet.

"You seem out of health, Baron," was he chancellor's greeting.

"I am indeed that, Count. I received letter today from the prince regent. was sent to him by his majesty, who hunting in Bavaria. Read it, Count, ut I pray to you to do nothing astily."

The chancellor did not open the letr, he merely balanced it. That so ght a thing should be so heavy with ark portents! His accustomed pallor assumed a grayish tinge.

"So his majesty declines?" he said renly.

"You have already heard?" cried the mazed ambassador.

"Nothing; I surmised. The hour, our appearance, the letter—to what se could they point? I was afraid all long. Strange instinct we have at mes. The regent is to be pitied; he ok too much for granted. He has en used to power one day too long. h, if his majesty could but see her, uld only know how lovely she is in art and mind and face! Is she not orthy a crown?"

"Herbeck, nothing would please e better, nothing would afford y country greater pleasure and tisfaction, than to see this marriage nsummated. It would nail that baseless lie which has so long been current."

"I believe you. We two peoples should be friendly. It has taken me months to bring this matter round. The duke rebelled; her highness scorned the hand of Frederick. One by one I had to overcome their objections—to this end. The past refuses to be buried. Still, if you saw all the evidence in the case you would not blame the duke for his attitude."

"But those documents are rank forgeries!"

"So they may be, but that has not been proved."

"Why should his late majesty abduct the daughter of the grand duke? For what benefits? To what end? Ah, Count if some motive could be brought forward, some motive that could stand!"

"Motives, my friend? They spring from the most unheard of places. And motives in action are always bases on impulses. But let us waste no time on retrospection. It is the present which confronts us. You do not want war."

"No more do you."

"What remedy do you suggest?"

"I ask, nay, I plead that question of you."

"I represent the offended party." The chancellor's gaunt features lighted with a transient smile. "Proceed, Baron."

"I suggest, then, that the duke must not know."

"Agreed. Go on."

"You will put the matter before her highness."

"That will be difficult."

"Let her repudiate the negotiations. Let her say that she has changed her mind. His majesty is quite willing that the humiliation be his."

"That is generous. But suppose she has set her heart on the crown of Jugendheit? What then?"

The baron bit the ends of his mustache.

"Suppose that?" the chancellor pressed relentlessly.

"In that event, the affair is no longer in our hands but in God's."

"As all affairs are. Is there no way of changing the king's mind?"

"Read the letter, Count," said the ambassador.

Herbeck hunted for the postmark: Bavaria. He read the letter. There was nothing between the lines. It was the work of rather an irresponsible boy.

"May I take this to her highness?" asked the chancellor.

"I'm afraid—"

"I promise its contents will not go beyond her eye."

"I will take the risk."

"His majesty is very young," was the chancellor's comment.

"Young! He is a child. He has been in his palace twice in ten years. He is travel-mad. He has been wandering in France, Holland, England, Belgium. He tells his uncle to play the king till the coronation. Imagine it! And the prince has found this authority so pleasant and natural that he took it for granted that his majesty would marry whomever he selected for him. To have allowed us to go forward, as we have done, believing that he had the whole confidence of the king!"

Herbeck consulted his watch. It was half after six. Her highness did not dine till 8.

"I shall go to her highness immediately, Baron. I shall return the letter by messenger, and he will tell you the result of the interview."

"God be with you," said the ambassador, preparing to take his leave, "for all women are contrary."

After the baron was gone the chancellor paced the room with halting step. Then, toward the wraith of his ambition he waved a hand as if to explain how futile are the schemes of men. He shook himself free from this idle moment and proceeded to the apartments of her highness. Would she toss aside this crown, or would she fight for it? He found her alone.

"Well, my good fairy, what is in your magic wand tonight?" she asked. How fond she was of this great good man, and how lonely he always seemed!

He saluted her hand respectfully. "I am not a good fairy tonight, your highness. On the contrary, I am an ogre. I have here a letter. I have given my word that its contents shall not be repeated to the duke, your father. If I let you read it, will you agree to that?"

"And who has written this letter?" non-committally.

"His majesty, the king of Jugendheit," slowly.

"A letter from the king?" she cried, curious. "Should it not be brought to me on a golden salver?"

"It is probable that I am bringing it to you at the end—of a bayonet," solemnly. "If the duke learns its contents the inevitable result will be war."

A silence fell upon them and grew. This was the bitterest moment, but one in the chancellor's life.

"I believe," she said finally, "that it will not be necessary to read his majesty's letter. He declines the honor of my hand; is that not it?

The chancellor signified that it was.

"Ah!" with a note of pride in her voice and a flash in her eyes. "And I?"

"You will tell the duke that you have changed your mind," gravely.

"Do princesses change their minds like this?"

"They have often done so."

"In spite of publicity?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"And if I refuse to change my mind?"

"I am resigned to any and all events."

"War." Her face was serious. "And what has the king to suggest?"

"He proposes to accept the humiliation of being rejected by you."

"Why, this is a gallant king! Pouff! There goes a crown of thistledown." She smiled at the chancellor, then she laughed. There was nothing but youth in the laughter, youth and gladness. "Oh, I knew that you were a good fairy. Listen to me. I declare to you that I am happier at this moment than I had been in days. To marry a man I have never seen, to become the wife of a man who is nothing to me, whose looks, character, and habits are unknown; why, I have lived in a kind of horror. You did not find me soon enough; there are yet some popular ideas in my head which are alien to the minds of princesses. I am free!" And she uttered the words as with the breath of spring.

The chancellor's shoulders drooped a trifle more, and his head closed down over the letter. Otherwise there was no notable change in his appearance. He was always guarding the muscles of his face. Inscrutability is the first lesson of the diplomat; and he had learned it thirty years before.

"There will be no war," resumed her highness. "I know my father; our wills may clash, but in this instance mine shall be the stronger."

"But this is not the end."

"You mean that there will be other kings?" She had not thought of this, and some of the brightness vanished from her face.

"Yes, there will be other kings. I am sorry. What young girl has not her dream of romance? But princesses must not have romances. Yours, my child, must be a political marriage. It is a harsh decree."

"Have not princesses married commoners?"

"Never wisely. Your highness will not make a mistake like that."

"My highness will or will not marry, as she pleases. Am I a chattel, that I am to be offered across this frontier or that?"

The chancellor moved uneasily. "If your highness loved out of your class, which I know you do not, I should be worried."

"And if I did?" with a rebel tilt to her chin.

"Till that moment arrives I shall not borrow trouble. You will, then, tell the duke that you have changed your mind, that you have reconsidered?"

"This evening. Now, godfather, you may kiss her serene highness on the forehead."

"This honor to me?" The chancellor trembled.

"Even so."

He did not touch her with his hands, but the kiss he put on her forehead was a benediction.

"You may go now," she said, "for I shall need the whole room to dance in. I am free, if only for a little while!"

Outside the door the chancellor paused. She was singing. It was the same aria he had heard that memorable night when he found her in the dim garret.

CHAPTER IX.

Gretchen's Day.

Gretchen was always up when the morning was rosy, when the trees were still dark and motionless, and the beads of dew white and frostlike. For what is better than to meet the day as it comes over the mountains, and silence breaks here and there, in the houses and streets, in the fields and the vineyards? Let old age, which has played its part and taken to the wings of the stage, let old age loiter in the morning, but not green years. Gretchen awoke as the birds awoke, with snatches and little trills of song. To her nearest neighbors there was about her that which reminded them of the regularity of a good clock; when they heard her voice they knew it was time to get up.

She was always busy in the morning. The tinkle of the bell outside brought her to the door, and her two goats came pattering in to be relieved of their creamy burden. Gretchen was fond of them; they needed no care at all. The moment she had milked them they went tinkling off to the steep pastures.

Even in midsummer the dawn was chill in Dreiberg. She blew on her fingers. The fire was down to the last ember; so she went into the cluttered courtyard and broke into pieces one of the limbs she had carried up from the valley earlier in the season. The fire renewed its cheerful crackle, the kettle boiled briskly, and the frugal breakfast was under way.

There was daily one cup of coffee, but neither Gretchen nor her grandmother claimed this luxury; it was for the sick woman on the third floor. Sometimes at the Black Eagle she had a cup when her work was done, but to Gretchen the aroma excelled the taste. Her grandmother's breakfast and her own out of the way, she carried the coffee and bread and a hot brick up to the invalid. The woman gave her two crowns a week to serve this morning meal. Gretchen would have cheerfully done the work for nothing.

What the character of the woman's illness was Gretchen hadn't an idea, but there could be no doubt that she was ill, desperately, had the goose girl but known it. Her face was thin and the bones were visible under the drumlike skin; her hands were merely claws. But she would have no doctor; she would have no care save that which Gretchen gave her. Sometimes she remained in bed all the day. She had been out of the house but once since she came. She mystified the girl, for she never complained, never asked questions, talked but little, and always smiled kindly when the pillow was freshened.

"Good morning, Frau," said Gretchen.

"Good morning, Liebchen."

"I have brought you a brick this morning, for it will be cold till the sun is high."

"Thank you."

Gretchen pulled the deal table to the side of the cot, poured out the coffee, and buttered the bread.

"I ought not to drink coffee, but it is the only thing that warms me. You have been very patient with me."

"I am glad to help you."

"And that is why I love you. Now, I have some instructions to give you this morning. Presently I shall be leaving, and there will be something besides crowns."

"You are thinking of leaving?"

"Yes. When I go I shall not come back. Under my pillow there is an envelope. You will find it and keep it."

Gretchen, young and healthy, touched not this melancholy undercurrent. She accepted the words at their face value. She knew nothing about death except by hearsay.

"You will promise to take it?"

"You, Frau."

"Thanks, little gosling. I have an errand for you this morning. It will take you to the palace."

"To the palace?" echoed Gretchen.

"Yes. Does that frighten you?"

"No, Frau; it only surprises me. What shall I do?"

"You will sek her highness and give her this note."

"The princess?" Gretchen sadly viewed her wooden shoes and roughened hands.

"Never mind your hands and feet; your face will open any gate or door for you."

"I have never been to the palace. Will they not laugh and turn me out?"

"If they try that, demand to see his excellency, Count von Herbeck, and say that you came from forty Krumerweg."

Gretchen shuddered with a mixture of apprehension and delight. To meet and speak to all these great ones!

"And if I can not get in?"

"You will have no trouble. Be sure, though, to give the note to no one but her highness. There will be no answer. All I ask is that when you return you will tell me if you were successful. You may go."

Gretchen put the note away and went downstairs. She decked her beautiful head with a little white cap, which she wore only on Sundays and at the opera, and braided and beribboned her hair. It never occurred to her that there was anything unusual in the incident. It was only when she came out into the Konig Strasse that the puzzle of it came to her forcibly. Who was this old woman who thought nothing of writing a letter to her serene highness? And who were her nocturnal visitors? Gretchen had no patience with puzzles, so she let her mind revel in the thought that she was to see and speak to the princess whom she admired and revered. What luck! How smoothly the world was beginning to run.

Being of a discerning mind, she idled about the Platz till after nine, for it had been told to her that the great sleep rather late in the morning. What should she say to her serene highness? What kind of a curtsy should she make? These and a hundred other questions flitted through her head. At least she would wear no humble, servile air. For Gretchen was a bit of a socialist. Did not Herr Goldberg, whom the police detested, did he not say all men were equal? And surely this sweeping statement included women! She attended secret meetings in the damp cellar of the Black Eagle, and, while she laughed at some of the articles in the propaganda, she received seriously enough that which proclaimed her the equal of any one. So long as she obeyed nature's laws and Heaven's, was she not indeed the equal of queens and princesses, who, it was said, did not always obey these laws?

With a confidence born of right and innocence, she proceded toward the east or side gates of the palace. The sentry smiled at her.

"I have a letter for her serene highness," she said.

"Leave it."

"I am under orders to give it to her highness herself."

"Good day, then!" laughed the soldier. "You can not enter the gardens without a permit."

Gretchen remembered. "Will you send some one to his excellency the chancellor and tell him I have come from number forty, Krumerweg?"

"Krumerweg? The very name ought to close any gate. But, girl, are you speaking truthfully?"

Gretchen exhibited the note. He scratched his chin, perplexed.

"Run along. If they ask me, I'll say that I didn't see you." The sentry resumed his beat.

Gretchen steppel inside the gates, and the real beauty of the gardens was revealed to her for the first time. Strange flowers she had never seen before, plants with great broad leaves, grass-like carpet, and giant ferns, unlike anything she had plucked in the valleys and the mountains. It was all a fairy-land. There were marble urns with hanging vines, and marble statues. She loitered in this pebbled path and that, forgetful of her errand. Even had her mind been filled with the importance of it, she did not know where to go to find the proper entrance.

A hand grasped her rudely by the arm.

"What are you doing here?" thundered the head gardener. "Be off with you! Don't you know that no one is allowed in here without a permit?"

Gretchen wrenched free her arm. She was angry.

"How dare you touch me like that?"

Something in her glance, which was singularly arrogant, cooled even the warm-blooded Hermann.

"But you live in Dreiberg and ought to know."

"You could have told me without bruising my arm," defiantly.

"I am sorry if I hurt you, but you ought to have known better. By which sentry did you pass?" for there was that about her beauty which made him suspicious regarding the sentry's impreviousness to it.

"Hermann!"

Gretchen and the head gardener whirled. Through a hedge which divided the formal gardens from the tennis and archery grounds came a young woman in riding-habit. She carried a book in one hand and a riding-whip in the other.

"What is the trouble, Hermann?" she inquired. "Your voice was something high."

"Your Highness, this young woman here had the impudence to walk into the gardens and stroll about as nice as you please," indignantly.

"Has she stolen any flowers or trod on any of the beds?"

"Why, no, your Highness; but—"

"What is the harm, then?"

"But it is not customary, your Highness. If we permitted this on the part of the people, the gardens would be ruined in a week."

"We, you and I, Hermann," said her Highness, with a smile that won Gretchen on the spot, "we will overlook this first offense. Perhaps this young lady had some errand and lost her way."

"Yes, Highness," replied Gretchen eagerly.

"Ah! You may go, Hermann."

"Your Highness alone with—"

"Go at once," kindly, but with royal firmness.

Hermann bowed, gathered up his pruning knives and scissors which he had let fall, and stalked down the path. What was it? he wondered. She was a princess in all things save her lack of coldness toward the people. It was wrong to meet them in this way, it was not in order. Her Highness had lived too long among them. She would never rid herself of the idea that the humble had hearts and minds like the exalted.

As the figure of the head gardener diminished and shortly vanished behind a bed of palms, her highness laughed brightly, and Gretchen, to her own surprise, found herself laughing also, easily and without constraint.

"Whom were you seeking?" her Highness asked, rather startled by the undeniable beauty of this peasant.

"I was seeking your serene Highness. I live at number forty the Krumerweg, and the sick woman gave me this note for you."

"Krumerweg?" Her highness reached for the note and read it, and as she read tears gathered in her eyes. "Follow me," she said. She led Gretchen to a marble bench and sat down. Gretchen remained on her feet respectfully. "What is your name?"

"Gretchen, Highness."

"Well, Gretchen, sit down."

"In your presence, Highness?" aghast.

"Don't bother about my presence on a morning like this. Sit down."

This was a command and Gretchen obeyed with alacrity. It would not be difficult, thought Gretchen, to love a princess like this, who was not only lovely but sensible. The two sat mutely. They were strangely alike. Their eyes nearly matched, their hair, even the shape of their faces. They were similarly molded, too; only, one was slender and graceful, after the manner of fashion, while the other was slender and graceful directly from the hands of nature. The health of outdoors was visible in their fine skins and clear eyes. The marked difference lay, of course, in their hands. The princess had never tolled with her fingers except on the piano. Gretchen had plucked geese and dug vegetables with hers. They were rough, but toil had not robbed them of their natural grace.

"How was she?" her Highness asked.

"About the same, Highness."

"Have you wondered why she should write to me?"

"Highness, it was natural that I should," was Gretchen's frank admission.

"She took me in when nobody knew who I was, clothed and fed me, and taught me music so that some day I should not be helpless when the battle of life began. Ah," impulsively, "had I my way she would be housed in the palace, not in the lonely Krumerweg. But my father does not know that she is in Dreiberg; and we dare not tell him, for he still believes that she had something to do with my abduction. What a whim!

"Highness, that could not be."

"No, Gretchen; she had nothing to do with it." Her Highness leveled her gaze at the flowers, but her eyes saw only the garret or the barnlike loneliness of the opera during rehearsals.

Gretchen did not move. She saw that her highness was dreaming; and she herself had dreams.

"Do you like music?"

"Highness, I am always singing."

"La—la—la!" sang the princess capriciously.

"La—la—la!" sang Gretchen smiling. Her voice was not purer or sweeter; it was merely stronger, having been accustomed to the open air.

"Brava!" cried the princess, dropping book and whip and folding the note inside the book. "Who taught you to sing?"

"Nobody, highness."

"What do you do?"

"I am a goose-girl; in the fall and winter I work at odd times in the Black Eagle."

"The Black Eagle? A tavern?"

"Yes, highness."

"Tell me all about yourself."

This was easy for Gretchen; there was so little.

"Neither mother nor father. Our lives are something alike. A handsome girl like you must have a sweetheart."

Gretchen blushed. "Yes, highness. I am to be married soon. He is a vintner. I would not trade him for your king, highness," with a spice of boldness.

Her highness did not take offense; rather she liked this frankness. In truth, she liked any one who spoke to her on equal footing; it was a taste of the old days, when she herself could have chosen a vintner and married him, with none to say her nay. Now she was only a pretty bird in a gilded cage. She could fly, but whenever she did so she blundered painfully against the bright wires. If there was any envy between these two, it existed in the heart of the princess only. To be free like this, to come and go at will, to love where the heart spoke! She surrendered to another vagrant impulse.

"Gretchen, I do not think I shall marry the king of Jugendheit."

Gretchen grew red with pride. Her highness was telling her state secrets!

"You love some one else, highness?" How should a goose-girl know that such a question was indelicate?

Her highness did not blush; the color in her cheeks receded. She fondled the heart-shaped locket which she invariably wore round her throat. That this peasant girl should thus boldly put a question she herself had never dared to press!

"You must not ask questions like that, Gretchen."

"Pardon, highness; I did not think." Gretchen was disturbed.

But the princess comforted her with: "I know it. There are some questions which should not be asked, even by the heart."

This was not understandable to Gretchen; but the locket pleased her eye. Her highness, observing her interest, slipped the trinket from her neck and laid it in Gretchen's hand.

"Open it," she said. "It is a picture of my mother, whom I do not recollect having ever seen. "Wait," as Gretchen turned it about helplessly. "I will open it for you." Click!

Gretchen sighed deeply. To have had a mother so fair and pretty! She hadn't an idea how her own mother had looked; indeed, being sensible and not much given to confuring, she had rarely bothered her head about it. Still, as she gazed at this portrait, the sense of her isolation and loneliness drew down upon her, and she in her turn sought the flowers and saw them not. After a while she closed the locket and returned it.

"So you love music?" picking up the safer thread.

"Ah, yes, highness."

"Do you ever go to the opera?"

"As often as I can afford. I am very poor."

"I will give you a ticket for the season. How can I reward you for bringing this message? Don't have any false pride. Ask for something."

"Well, then, highness, give me an order on the grand duke's head vintner for a place."

"For the man who is to become your husband?"

"Yes, highness."

"You shall have it tomorrow. Now, come with me. I am going to take you to Herr Ernst. He is the director of the opera. He rehearses in the court theatre this morning."

(To Be Continued.)

MILLIONS OF SOCIALISTS

JACK LONDON, who can be trusted to put things in the most lurid light possible, says in a recent article that 7,000,000 men are now in the habit of addressing any Socialist as "Dear Comrade" and signing their letters, "Yours for the Revolution."

According to London there are 400,000 such men in the United States and 3,000,000 of them in Germany. France has 1,000,000, he says, and Austria-Hungary 800,000. Belgium is credited with 300,000 Socialists. Italy, it appears, contains 250,000 and Great Britain 100,000.

The same authority claims 100,000 Swiss for the revolutionary party to which he belongs, and he says that Denmark has 55,000 men in line, while Sweden't Socialists number 50,000. Holland is the home of 40,000 comrades "for the revolution," and there are 30,000 in Spain. In several other countries they have smaller numbers, but an active and sanguine organization.

These figures are impressive. They foot up, Jack London says truly, a total far greater than the strength of the armies of Xerxes or Napoleon. He might have added with greater pertinence, then the forces that fought under Von Moltke or Oyama.

And, as London says, they are fighting with all their might for the conquest of the wealth of the world and for the complete overthrow of existing society. And a little further on he declares that the Socialist revolution compares with all other revolutions as the sun does with asteroids.

All this brings up, once more, the vital importance of keeping a clear sense of proportions in dealing with the great questions of life. It has been said, with much force, that everything is comparative. And that, it may be added, is why the figures which Jack London considers so overwhelming do not loom large when they are weighed in the right balance.

His Socialist hosts challenge comparison, not with the armies of soldiers who have taken the field in a single country's wars, but with the adult male citizens of the civilized nations of the world. The Socialists must be ranged, under their banner, against men who remain outside of the Socialist organization.

Tested in this way, the big figures shrink and the imposing strength which they seem to represent becomes comparative weakness. Let a few facts tell the story.

Jack London says that there are 400,000 men in the Socialist party in the United States. There are 25,000,000 males of voting age. The soldiers of the "revolution" are outnumbered 60 to one. In Germany the Socialist strength is greatest, but there his 3,000,000 comrades must be measured against about 15,000,000 men who are not of the Socialist faith. It is a case of five to one.

In France there are fully 10,000,000 men, and the Socialists claim only 10 per cent of them. Austria-Hungary has not less than 14,000,000 men, and London's statement of the Socialist strength is 800,000, or one out of every 20, in round figures.

If there are 300,000 Socialists in Belgium they constitute about 14 or 15 per cent of the men of that country. Italy has the Socialists beaten about 35 to one. If Jack London is correct in saying that there are 250,000 men of the revolution in that country.

In Great Britain the proportion of men who are non-Socialists to members of the revolutionary organization which impresses its own champions as so tremendous, is about 120 to one. It is at least 150 to one in Spain and about 40 to one in Holland.

In Sweden the Socialist strength is about 3 per cent of the men. In Switzerland there is one Socialist among every 10 men of the federation. Denmark has a Socialist out of every 16 or 17 men of voting age.

It is plain that so far, the Socialists, though numbered by millions, taking the world as a whole, are still in a small minority everywhere when measured against the remainder of the adult male population. It is one more instructive and vitally important case of proportions.

Daring Aviators and Their Great Machines

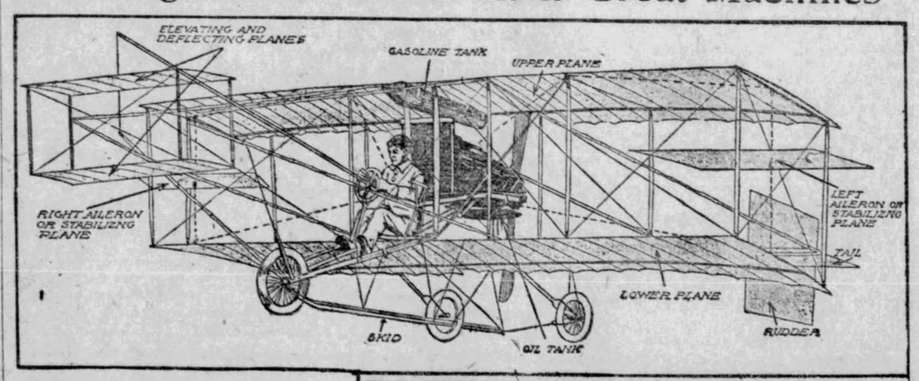

Diagram of Hamilton's Aeroplane.

CURTISS AND HAMILTON STANDING BY MACHINE.

FEW FORTUNES FOR MISERS

WHEN Valentine Christ was living in Cleveland, pinched in food and clothing and shelter, it was often said of him that he had acquired more land than any other resident of the most populous city in Ohio owned. He had denied himself many ordinary comforts and all the luxuries to add dollar to dollar, lot to lot, house to house.

Then the waste of life's opportunities and the crushing out of finer things seemed at least to have enabled this miser to gain the goal he sought—a really great fortune, even as such things are rated in these days of widespread opulence. It was commonly supposed that Christ was very rich.

Now a statement filed with his will says that his estate is worth about $106,000. It may be that the true value of his possessions was much greater. His heirs may have underestimated his accumulations—the fruit of his life-distorting and soul-benumbing struggle for money.

However that may be, it is certain that Christ fell far short of the great wealth to which his days and nights were sacrificed. He died, in old age, utterly distanced by fellow-townsmen who had started equally poor and had given themselves a fair share in the opportunities and sane joys of life.

This Cleveland case is one of many which illustrate the natural antagonism between miserliness and the getting of great riches. Judged on their own ground, by their own narrow, cruel standards, the hoarders of money who let avarice drive them to sordid penury fail, as a rule which has few exceptions, to win the only race they run.

It is instructive as well as interesting to run over a few of the outstanding facts which test the relative success of the misers and the better balanced men who also seek great wealth. Of the largest fortunes in the country few can be connected in any way with penurious ways and niggardly methods.

Thrift, of course, is the rule among fortune-builders. Men reckless in the spending of money seldom accumulate much of it. If they are very rich—long—it is generally because they have inherited fortunes so vast that the income alone can hardly be dissipated. But very wealthy misers are about equally scarce.

Russell Sage had miserly ways and instincts, and yet he accumulated a great fortune. Hetty Green is commonly believed to possess half as much as the $80,000,000, more or less, which Sage left to the generous and devoted wife who had saved his life from utter hardness and sordidness, and Mrs. Green is extremely "near." She can fairly be counted as a miser who has made many millions.

But all this is the exception. The rule runs the other way. The greatest fortunes have been gathered together by men who have given royally and lived on a princely scale, in one way or another.

The Rockefeller household has frugal habits because it is so quiet in tastes and so fond of the simple life, but the Rockefeller parks have long been on a magnificent scale. The Rockefeller giving is famous the world over.

Andrew Carnegie was always generous in his own living, according to his means. He never sought to gain riches by miserly hoarding and penury. Starting with nothing, he always held a fair balance between his income and the outgo he allowed himself.

Marshall Field, who piled up a fortune of $75,000,000 or $80,000,000 in Chicago, making the greatest fortune in the Middle West, was also frugal without meanness in his early days, and sensibly free, without ostentation, in the spending of his later and opulent years.

So it has been with Henry M. Flagler, William Rockefeller, Senator Clark and Henry Phipps. So it was with Edward H. Harriman and Henry H. Rogers. The same rule holds good with respect to the great fortunes, started on nothing, of Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt, Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, D. O. Mills, William Weightman, William C. Whitney and many others who have passed into the history of American wealth-getting, by fair means or foul.

It is an ignoble comparison which the misers invite by their half-insane self-denial and their wholly mad hardness and meanness toward other human beings, if they won the race they would still be dishonored. But they do not win. They are beaten at their own game, in every land and in all ages.

At Odds with the Regent

By Burton E. Stevenson

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

But he merely waved his hand again and led me down to the coach, which was waiting. The drive across Paris, the fresh air of the morning, and the sight of the busy city were to me like a tonic, and I felt my strength returning with every moment. Levau looked at me with evident satisfaction.

"You will do," he said. "With that color in your cheeks I have no longer any fear for the result."

We soon reached the Hotel de Richelieu, and the joy of Jacques, who ran down the steps to welcome me, was touching to see. He would have had me carried into the house, but I would have none of it, and insisted on walking in myself. Levau left me at the door, admonishing me to rest as much as possible for a day or two, and to summon him if there were any unfavorable symptoms. Jacques led the way to the room on the first floor where I had so often dined. He arranged a chair for me, brought me a glass of wine, set a stool under my feet and would have kissed my hand had I permitted it.

"There, there, Jacques," I protested, as he asked me for the hundredth time if there was anything else he could do for me. "I am not going to die, my good friend. In a day or two I shall be well as ever and then we will see what can be done for Richelieu."

"I knew you would say that, monsieur," he cried. "I have heard of your wonderful exploit of the other evening. Who in Paris has not heard of it? Nothing seems to stop you, monsieur, when once you get started."

I thought to myself that the walls of the Bastile were likely to stop me very effectually, but I did not want to damp his confidence, so I merely smiled, and after a time he left me alone while he went to give orders for dinner.

An hour passed, during which he looked in upon me once or twice, and I was dozing before the fire when I heard the door open again. Supposing it to be Jacques I did not turn, but in an instant I was startled by a hand upon my shoulder.

"Richelieu!" I cried, springing from my chair, my weakness vanishing as if by magic, and I caught his hand. "But what magic is this? Have you escaped, man, and in broad daylight? You must not remain here. Come, a horse, and in an hour we will be safe."

"Ah, do not fear, de Brancas!" he exclaimed, bitterly, dropping into a chair as though utterly weary. "I am quite safe. I have no need to leave Paris."

I gazed at him a moment in amazement. Never had I seen that pleasant face so wretched. His hair was disordered, his eyes bloodshot, his clothing disarranged.

"What is it?" I asked, with a sudden fear at my heart. "What has happened?"

"You do not know, then?" and he turned his eyes wearily towards me.

"On my honor, no."

"It was the regent who released me," and he paused as one pauses at the brink of a chasm which must be crossed.

"The regent?" I was too astonished to say more.

"Yes, the regent. But he had his price. It was not out of kindness of heart. It was because he knew that it was worse than death. Do you know what his price was, de Brancas? I will tell you. His price was his daughter. To save me Charlotte has agreed to marry the Duc de Modena. The marriage takes place tomorrow morning at the Palais Royal and she sets out at once for Italy."

CHAPTER XX.

The Secret Staircase.

I fell back into my chair and gazed at Richelieu in speechless horror. This was a blow I had not foreseen and which I was totally unprepared to meet. The regent, it seemed had scored a second time. In fact, he appeared to hold all the winning cards.

"I suspected that Orleans would try a game of this kind," continued the duke, after a moment. "You remember, I warned you against it, de Brancas."

"Yes, I remember," I groaned, "and yet I did nothing to prevent it."

Richelieu arose quickly and came towards me.

"Believe me," he said, taking my hand, "I am not blaming you in the least, my friend. But you have a bandage about your head. You have been wounded, then? Forgive me for allowing my own affairs to blind me so."

I answered with a pressure of the hand.

"You have not heard?" I asked, quickly.

"I have heard nothing," said Richelieu. "They permitted me to receive no one, to speak to no one. They would not even permit me to wave my handkerchief to you, as you know. What has happened?"

As briefly as I could I told him the story of Madame du Maine's arrest and repeated what I had already heard from d'Ancenis.

"This is all very well," said Richelieu, when I had finished, "but you have not yet told me how you received your wound, de Brancas. Come, my friend, I suspect another of your dare-devil adventures. Tell me about it."

So I told him the story of my night ride and the rescue of the regent. Richelieu heard me with sparkling eyes.

"'Twas well done!" he cried. "By my word, I would I had been there. You are right, de Brancas, assassination is something no gentleman can countenance. I am surprised that Madame du Maine should go so far. She must indeed have been desperate." He remained silent for some moments, musing deeply. "So the regent was too quick for us and everything is known—even my treason, for so it must appear to him. In faith, I do not wonder he had sworn to have my head. And yet," he added, "I would he had taken it rather than that Charlotte should pay this price."

"How did you learn of it?" I questioned.

"An hour ago," said Richelieu, "a guard came to my cell and told me to follow him. I did not doubt that my destination was the Place de Greve, but I had found imprisonment so irksome that I was ready to welcome any change, even the block. Besides, I was not sorry to have the opportunity

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of showing the regent how a gentleman should die. I was taken to the office of Maison-Rouge and left there alone with him. He told me that the regent had ordered my release, and when I remained too astonished to reply, he handed me a note.

"'Tis from the regent,' he said.

"I opened the note, suspecting some new blow. You may guess my feelings when I saw that it was a command to be present tomorrow morning at the Palais Royal to witness the marriage by proxy of Charlotte and the Duc de Modena. Across the bottom of the note was written, 'The price paid for the head of M. le Duc de Richelieu.' I tore the note into a thousand pieces. I told Maison-Rouge that I would not accept the price and commanded him to take me back to my cell. He merely smiled, and said that the price had already been accepted by the regent, since my head belonged no longer to me but to him, and calling two guards, he had me led to the outer gate, which was closed behind me."

"I'll wager 'twas the first time in the history of the Bastile that a prisoner had to be forced to leave it," I cried. "Come, monsieur, do not despair. The regent has overleaped himself in releasing you so soon. The price may have been accepted, but it is not yet paid."

"Not yet paid?"

"No. And furthermore, it need never be paid if you do not wish it."

"You have a plan, then?" cried Richelieu, his face brightening.

"Perhaps."

"Come, let us have it," and he clasped my hand again. "I should have remembered that I had your clear brain and loyal heart still to rely upon."

"Answer me one question, M. le Duc," I said. "Suppose the princess and yourself were in a carriage speeding towards the frontier. Suppose your flight was not discovered for eight or ten hours. Do you think you would be safe?"

"Safe, de Brancas? Why, man, with one hour's start we should be safe. I have a dozen horses, the like of which are not to be found in France, not even in the regent's stables."

"And where are these horses?" I asked.

"In my stables here."

"Then, my dear friend," I cried, springing to my feet, "consider it done. At 10 o'clock tonight Mlle. de Valois and yourself will set out from Paris. In two days you will be safe at Mons, that is, if you are permitted to pass the frontier."

"Trust me for that," said Richelieu. "A thousand pistoles will accomplish wonders. The only thing I do not understand, my friend, is how you will manage to get Charlotte into the carriage with me."

"M. le Duc," I queried, "do you imagine for a moment that the thought of this marriage pleases her?"

"No more than it does myself."

"Would she not, then, welcome an opportunity of escaping it?"

"Oh, I believe so!" cried Richelieu.

"Well, trust me, M. le Duc, you shall offer her that opportunity tonight. But we have no time to lose and there is much to do. Leave the details of the plan to me."

"I do not understand, but I trust you fully, my friend," said Richelieu, and asked no further questions.

A relay of horses was started to St. Quentin and a second to Compeigne, to await the arrival of the carriage containing the duke and his companion. The lightest and most comfortable carriage in his stables was brought out and thoroughly overhauled. I myself saw that it was piled with cushions and equipped with everything that could add to the comfort or convenience of the travelers. I provided for every possible contingency of which I could think, and personally interviewed the man whom Richelieu had selected to drive until I was satisfied that he was thoroughly acquainted with the road and that he was no coward. The tumult caused by the discovery of the plot had quieted down, and on inquiry I found that the gates of the city were again open day and night, so that Richelieu would have no difficulty in passing the barrier. We decided that the carriage should take the most direct route and trust to speed, as it was important above everything that it should reach the frontier ahead of any of the regent's emissaries. Richelieu collected together all the money he had and stored it in the coach. I added a sword, a brace of pistols, and a musket, and a similar equipment to the top of the coach for the use of the driver. To the rear was strapped a case containing changes of clothing. At last I could think of nothing more.

All this had taken time, and evening had come before the final arrangements were completed. Then Jacques lighted the candles, and summoned us to dinner, a summons which I was not sorry to obey, for the day's work had wearied me greatly. He had provided a feast of great elaborateness as a farewell to his master, but Richelieu seemed too nervous to enjoy it. As for me, I was so certain of success that I felt no great anxiety.

"Come, this will not do," I remonstrated, seeing that he was merely playing with the food. "You must eat, my friend. You will have need of courage before you reach Mons, and I know of nothing which so tends to make a coward of a man as an empty stomach."

"You are right," he answered, "but if you knew the onxiety I am suffering at this moment you would not expect me to eat. Do you really believe we shall succeed?"

"M. le Duc," I said, earnestly, "success will depend largely upon yourself. I agree to bring you into the presence of Mlle. de Valois. If you can persuade her to flee with you, well and good, we succeed; but if you cannot do this, we must retire defeated. Come, I drink to your success."

"And I to yours," he answered. "Forgive me, de Brancas, for again thinking only of myself. I hope with all my heart that you will be successful."

I bowed with brimming eyes, for he had touched me closely.

"It may be long before we dine together again, monsieur," I said. "May I assure wou of my devoted friendship?"

"I have no need of such assurance," and Richelieu arose from his chair and came to the side of mine. "I have already had a hundred proofs of it, in return for which I have done so little."

"Oh, do not say that," and I faced this man whom I had come to love with a great tenderness. "What should I have done in Paris but for you?"

And as I looked into his eyes I knew that here was one whose heart was brave and loyal.

Too moved to say more, we continued the meal in silence, each busy with his own thoughts. Mine were of Louise Dacour, and I wondered what the future had in store for us. A sudden thought occurred to me.

"Mlle. Dacour may choose to accompany the princess," I said.

"And if she does, you will join us, will you not, De Brancas?" asked Richelieu, quickly.

"Believe me, my friend, nothing would please me more than to have you with me, but I was loath to ask you to leave Paris while she remained behind."

I consented and it was agreed that I should join the duke at Brussels within a week if Mlle. de Valois took her companion with her. And if, I added to myself, the regent did not see fit to wreak upon my head the wrath which he would doubtless feel towards Richelieu. But of tis I said nothing.

"Are you sure that you are stong enough to undertake this expedition?" asked Richelieu, as we arose from table.

I laughed at him.

"You shall see, if it comes to a question of using our swords," I said. And then I remembered the bandage and my hand went to my head. "I cannot wear this ridiculous thing, I must remove it," and I started to do so.

"Not for a moment!" cried the duke, springing to my side and seizing my hands. "Who can tell what hurt it would do you? Leave it there, Jean, or I swear I shall not go a step outside this house tonight."

"But," and I stopped. I could not tell him that it was fear of Louise's laughing eyes which moved me.

Richelieu understood in an instant. "It is an honorable wound," he said, "received in an honorable cause. Why seek to hide it? It is the sight of wounds like that which moves a woman's heart. They will find your pale, bandaged head very interesting, Jean, believe me."

And so I left the bandage where it was.

Nine o'clock came, the carriage was waiting, we entered it, and drove by a circuitous route to the back of the Palais Royal gardens. Here we left it, and instructed the coachman to drive slowly up and down until he should be called. That done, I led the way under the shade of the chestnuts towards the palace. Richelieu asked no questions, but I could see that he was pale with anxiety. We mounted the low wall enclosing the little park which we had entered once before under the guidance of Mlle. Dacour, dropped down on the other side, and turned to the right.

"Ah, ah," whispered Richelieu, "I begin to see. You hope to gain entrance by the secret staircase. But can you find the spring?"

"I believe so," I answered, in the same low tone. "I was watching Mlle. Dacour closely when she opened the door for us, and know about where it is." As I spoke I felt along the wall, but my fingers detected nothing. "It was near here. Have patience," I said, for I could feel his hand on my arm trembling with suspense. Again I ran my hand over the wall, pressing gently on two or three small irregularities, but without result. "Come, I will try again," and a third time I examined the wall, this time more carefully and over a larger area. "Ah, I have it!" I exclaimed as I felt a yielding under my fingers, and the door swung inward.

"It was time," said Richelieu, for as we entered another door near by opened, and hurrying feet passed along the walk, even as we pushed the door shut after us. We were in intense darkness, but I knew the way, and guiding myself by the wall, turned without hesitation towards the narrow hallway, Richelieu following close behind, his hand in mine. We found the hallway without difficulty and passed along it cautiously until we reached the end, and slowly felt our way up the little winding staircase there. The wooden wall which formed the back of the preserve closet stopped us.

"Wait a moment," whispered Richelieu, as I began to feel for the spring, whose approximate position I had also seen. Does Charlotte know of this visit?"

"No," I answered; "I had no opportunity to warn her of it, else I doubt not she would have sent some one to guide us and saved us all this trouble."

"But," Richelieu objected, "perhaps she will not be alone; perhaps she will resent an intruison of this kind."

"Very well," I answered, losing patience a little at this unexpected wavering, which was so unlike the duke, "we can yet turn back, open the door, return to the carriage, drive to your hotel and secure a good night's rest before attending the wedding tomorrow morning."

"Forgive me, de Brancas," said Richelieu, after a moment. "I am so unstrung I scarce know what I am saying. Open the door if you can find the spring."

I felt along the boards for two or three minutes without result. It doubtless seemed an age to Richelieu, and I could hear him breathing unevenly and shuffling his feet behind me.

"For God's sake, de Brancas," he said at last, in a strained whisper, "make haste! This is more than I can bear."

I felt myself beginning to tremble in sympathy with him, and pulled myself up with a jerk, recognizing the fact that it was absolutely necessary for one of us to keep his head.

"A little patience," I whispered; "this spring is more difficult to find than the other, and it is so devilishly dark here."

Again I ran my hand up and down the wall. It was made of narrow boards fitted closely together. Back and forth I passed my hand over it, and just as I was beginning to despair I felt a slight inequality. I pressed it and the door opened against us. We stepped back out of the way, and in a moment were in the closet. The door shut behind us of its own accord.

The door which opened from the closet into the room beyond was not tightly closed, and through this opening we could make a partial survey of the room. It was empty in so far as we could see, and I was about to suggest that we make a cautious scrutiny of the remainder of it, when a sound as of stifled sobbing started me.

"What is that?" I whispered.

"My God, do you not know what it is?" exclaimed Richelieu. "It is Charlotte—Charlotte weeping over her coming sacrifice. Stay here, my friend," and before I could do aught to prevent him he had opened the door, stepped through it, and closed it behind him. I heard a startled exclamation from the princess, and at the same instant another sound which sent a cold shiver down my back. Some one was ascending the spiral staircase with assured and regular tread. The footsteps paused for a moment without the door, then there came a click, a breath of air, and a smell as of a candle newly extinguished. I drew back into one corner of the closet, and as I did so this unknown person stepped into it and closed the secret door behind him.

CHAPTER XXI.

Where Honor Wins.

I pressed more closely into my corner and held my breath in suspense, fearing lest even the beating of my heart would betray my presence. The newcomer paused for a moment to set down the lantern, and in that moment the voice of Richelieu penetrated to the closet.

"You are surprised to see me, Charlotte?" he was saying. "Did you think for an instant that I would permit you to be delivered to this fate which has been prepared for you?"

"Oh, M. le Duc!" cried the voice of the princess, broken by sobs, "I do but save you from one danger to find you braving another. You do not comprehend my father's hatred. Go, I beseech you, before it is too late."

"Yes, I shall go in a moment, Charlotte," answered Richelieu, in a milder tone, "and you are going with me. At the back of the gardens there is a carriage waiting, with four of the fastest horses in the kingdom. In an hour we shall be far from Paris. Another day will find us safe in the Netherlands and free to live our lives together."

There was a moment's silence, and I could hear the deep, agitated breathing of the person who stood beside me. My hands began to tremble under the strain, and I clasped them behind me to keep them still. An increasing giddiness reminded me of my wound. The closet was insufferably close, and my face grew wet with perspiration as I realized my weakness.

"And whose plan is this?" asked Mlle. de Valois, at last.

"Can you not guess?" cried Richelieu. "It could be only one man—the one who found a way out of the Bastile—who has stood between me and danger a dozen times—who even at this moment is awaiting me in the closet there."

I crouched for a spring, expecting an instant attack from my companion in the closet, and determined to throttle him at any cost before an alarm could be given. Even as I steeled myself for the struggle I heard a startled exclamation at my side.

"Are you indeed here, M. de Brancas?" whispered a sweet voice.

"Louise, oh Louise! is it you?" I cried, forgetting caution in the joy and great reaction of this discovery, and I stretched out my arms and drew her to me. "I was just about to spring upon you to prevent your escape," I added, laughing out of the sheer rapture of my heart.

She did not resist my arms, but, with a long sigh, laid her head upon my breast. My blood was surging in my ears as I stooped and kissed her hair, and I felt that she was sobbing.

"What is it, my love?" I whispered.

"Oh, do you not know?" she sobbed. "Surely you have heard of the wedding tomorrow?"

"Yes," I answered, "but that wedding will never take place. By tomorrow Richelieu and Mlle. de Valois will be far from here, speeding towards the north of France."

"I wish so with all my heart," and Louise drew back a little, "but it will never be, M. de Brancas."

"What! never be?" I cried. "But I tell you that everything is prepared, that all that remains to be done is for them to descend, enter the carriage, and give the word to the driver."

"And that is just what Charlotte d'Orleans will never do," and though her voice was sad, it had a certain pride and dignity.

I was too astonished to reply.

"M. de Brancas," she continued, "I know her better than do you, far better even than Richelieu. A woman has her ideals no less than a man. But listen, she herself is telling him."

In the tumult of my own emotion I had no longer heeded what was happening in the outer room, but at this moment I heard Richelieu's voice raised in impatient protest.

"What do you say, mademoiselle," he cried, "that you will not go with me? And why, may I ask? Is it that you no longer love me?"

"M. le Duc," answered the clear voice of the princess, who seemed to have recovered her composure, "it appears to me that it can no longer be a question of my love, since to save your head I have given my word to my father, and I do not choose to break it. He might have distrusted me; he might have insisted that this marriage take place before you were released, and I should have consented without an instant's hesitation, because I should have known that he would keep faith with me. Gut he chose to trust me; you were free aagin an hour after I had given my word. It is to his generosity you owe your presence here tonight, monsieur. My sacrifice may be the greater, but I do not choose to fall below my father."

Richelieu remained for a moment speechless. I felt the tears starting to my eyes.

"This is grand; this is noble," I murmured.

Louise answered by a pressure of the hand, and I knew that she also was affected no less than I.

It was Richelieu who broke the silence.

"Give me a moment for thought, mademoiselle," he said, and we heard him pacing up and down the room.

As for me, I felt a great reverence for this woman spring to life in my heart. As I had told Madame du Maine, a woman may do anything but break her word; no woman can do that with honor, no more than any man, and my heart trembled with emotion as I heard the princess take the same high ground—with her so far above anything of which I had conceived. I prayed that Richelieu might not fall below her. Louise was crying softly.

"Charlotte," said Richelieu, at last, "you are tearing my heart to pieces, and yet I would not have you other than you are. I was a fool to think you would consent. But," he continued, in a clearer voice, "I have given you no promise, my honor is not engaged. I have already refused to accept this sacrifice. What is there to prevent my taking you up in my arms, opening the door of yonder closet, and with de Brancas at my back running with you to the carriage and starting for the frontier?"

Again there was a moment's silence.

"Ah, no, no!" she cried, at last. "Do not tempt me further, Louis. What I am doing is for my own honor and for France. My father has told me that France demands it—that it will strengthen his empire. If you knew how hard it is—how I turn with loathing from the task I have to do—you would not seek to make it harder."

"De Brancas," called Richelieu, "come here, my friend."

I flung the door open and stepped into the room. Mlle. de Valois was half sitting, half lying in a large chair, her face white with suffering, her eyes luminous with a great glory. Richelieu himself was scarcely less affected. He glanced at Louise, who had some from the closet with me and who was kneeling at the side of the princess.

"Good!" he exclamed. "I am glad to see that you are here, Mlle. Dacour. Charlotte wil need a companion. Will you accompany her?"

"I had intended doing so, M. le Duc," answered Louise, gently, "whether she went north or south."

"That is well," and Richelieu bowed to her with that courtly grace which so well became him. "M. de Brancas and myself had already considered this contingency and he is to join us at Brussels in a week's time."

I glanced at Louise to see how she received this announcement, but seemingly she had not heard it.

"And now, de Brancas," continued the duke, turning to me "we must make haste. We have already remained her much too long."

"True," I answered. "It is your purpose, then, to forcibly carry away Mlle. de Valois?"

"Since she refuses to accompanny me, yes," and Ricelieu looked me in the eyes. "Have you any other course to advise, my friends?"

I paused irresolute, glancing from one to the other. I could not choose but speak, whatever the cost might be.

"If love were the only thing; if there were not heights of honor before which love must bow," I said, at last, and paused again. I could not go on Let these two hearts settle the future for themselves. "M. le Duc," I said, in a firmer voice, "it is not for me to give advice. I will do whatever you command."

Again Richelieu walked the length of the room, his twitching face telling of the conflict raging in his breast. I went to the window and gazed out upon the night. Louise was sobbing. Only the princess remained composed. I pray heaven that my heart may never again be torn as it was in that moment.

"M. le Duc," she said, in the same calm tone she had used before, "listen to the voice of your friend and to my voice, which, I am sure, finds an answering chord in your heart. If love were the only thing I would go with you gladly, but honor must ever outweigh love in the hearts of all true gentlemen. Tell me, Louis, I have not been deceived in you—that you merit honor no less than love."

Richelieu threw himself at her feet with a sob and caught her hand. I knew he had won the battle.

"Forgive me, Charlotte," he whispered, in a choking voice; "I have played the coward, not the man. Let it be as you say, your honor and mine before all else."

And at these words my heart went out to him, and I knew that these two loved each other with a love in which there was no taint of selfishness. Years, perhaps, would dull the sting of the wound, but for them, as for me, life would hold few sweeter memories than that of this sacred moment. I could not trust myself to turn from the window. The lights without were blurred with my tears and in my heart was a great tenderness.

The princess was the strongest of us all.

"You must go, my friend," she said, at last. "My friend I shall always deem you—my nearest and dearest friend—wo stood true to me in the bitterest hour of my life. Look up—here, in my eyes. Do you see any sorrow there? Sorrow there may have been—sorrow there may be again—but now it is swallowed up by joy and pride in you."

I turned to look at them. It must have been with faces so transfigured that martyrs went to the stake—yea, Christ to His cross.

Her arms were around his neck, and she bent her head and kissed him.

"It is the last," she said—"the last I shall willingly give," and she gently loosed his hands, arose and stood from him.

"We, also, must say good-by," said a low voice at my elbow, and I turned with a start to see Louise standing there.

"You, too, are going?" I cried, with a great fear at my heart.

"Yes, it is settled," and she was looking into my eyes. "My place is at her side. But my sacrifice, my friend, is much less than hers. I am leaving, perhaps, people whom I love, but there is no abyss at the end of the path such as yawns before Charlotte."

"No," I answered, "no," but I could say no more.

"And believe me, M. de Brancas," she continued, placing both her hands in mine, "nothing that you have ever done—not even that bandage about your head which tells of a wound so nobly won—has pleased me as did the words you said to Richelieu. I read your heart, and I saw nothing there but loyalty and truth."

I gazed into her eyes, which did not seek to turn from mine, trembling in every limb,—trembling too much to speak.

"You may kiss me," she whispered, and I bent and kissed her on the lips. "Now go, and let that be your accolade for the knightly spirit you have shown tonight. Oh, do not seek to hide the tears. I could not love a man who had not a tender heart."

She pushed me gently from her. I turned to find that Richelieu had risen and was waiting.

"Come, my friend," he said, "let us go," but he did not take his eyes from the princess, who was standing, pale, lovely, with the air of a general who has fallen mortally wounded at the moment of victory.

I went to her and knelt as at a shrine.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "I cannot hope to tell you how great a reverence you have inspired in my heart tonight, but I trust that if you are ever in need of a sword and a loyal heart you will remember me. I can think of no greater honor than that of serving you."

"I shall remember, M. de Brancas," she answered, smiling down upon me and giving me her hand. "I know you for a brave gentleman and faithful friend. I shall not soon forget it."

I kissed her hand and stood erect once more. Plainly it was time to go, and with a last glance at my love, I laid my hand on Richelieu's arm and drew him towards the closet. He yielded without a word. Only when the door and closed behind us did he falter, but I pressed him on, down the spiral staircase, along the little hall, and through the outer door. He started as it clicked shut behind us and leaned against the wall.

"Oh, I can go no farther, de Brancas!" he exclaimed. "Think to what fate I am abandoning her. She may be brave now, perhaps, but what of the days and the years that are yet to come?"

"It is as she would wish," I answered, gently. "Come, we must not remain here."

I led him to the low wall, which we climbed a second time, along the avenue of chestnuts and to the street beyond. The carriage was awaiting us. I called the driver.

"You will return to the Hotel de Richelieu," I said, and entered after the duke.

The way seemed interminably long, nor did I venture to offer any further sympathy to the stricken man in the other corner. My own heart was sore enough, not only with his sorrow but with my own.

Jacquez met us at the steps. One glance at his master's face told him the story.

"You will drive to the stables," he said to the coachman. "I will join you there," and he followed us within and shut the door.

Richelieu paused a moment on the stairs.

"I will go to my room, de Brancas," he said, in a weary voice. "I wish to be alone, my friend," and he went on up the stairs. I watched him until he disappeared from sight, and then turned into a room on the lower floor.

"Send him up a bottle of wine, Jacques," I said. "He needs it now as he never did before in his life."

"He has lost, then, M. de Brancas?" I glanced his honest face.

"Yes, he has lost in a way," I answered. "But he has also won a great victory, my friend."

"He has not the air of a victor, monsieur."

"Ah, Jacques," and I smiled rather grimly, "there are some victories which cost the victor more than the vanquished. This was one of that kind. But they are victories just the same, Jacques, though men, sometimes, do not so consider them."

I turned to the fire and sat down before it. This, then, was the end. And was it the end, also, of my love for Louise Dacour? When should I see her? What did the future hold for us? I gazed into the depths of the glowing embers and saw again her sweet face looking up at me, her eyes on mine, and I knew that come what might that vision would never leave me. The clock chimed midnight, and as I started bedward, I heard Richelieu walking back and forth in the room overhead. And a great wave of pity for him swept over me as I thought of the battle he was fighting and the ordeal he had yet to face.

(Concluded Next Week.)

Suitable Flight.

Baltimore American.

"Where's Jagsby going?"

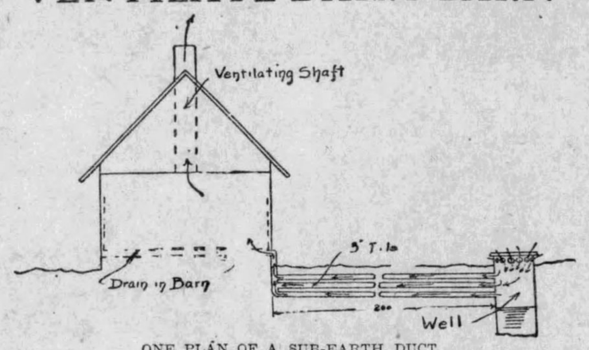
"He says he is going on a lark."

"Oh, he's a bird!"

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. Royal Manufacturing Co., Box 1508, Detroit, Mich.

THE FARMSTEAD

VENTILATE DAIRY BARN



ONE PLAN OF A SUB-EARTH DUCT.

In extremely cold weather it has been advocated and has been proven thoroughly that it is a good plan to draw the air into the stable through a sub-earth duct. This sub-earth duct is constructed by laying several strings of three or four-inch tile into the ground four or six feet in depth and 200 feet long, and digging a well at the lower end so as to have them always free from water. By connecting this with the ventilating flue in the stable, the air passing through these tile into the stable is supposed to be warmed in the winter and cooled in the summer. There is no question as to the merits of this particular scheme; however, it cannot be applied in all locations.—Ohio State University News.

ROOTS EXCRETE LITTLE ACID

A study was made of the excretions from the roots of a variety of plants, and it was found that they were not acid in the usual sense of the word. Where an acid reaction to litmus was observed it was found to be due to phosphoric acid. The concentration of hydrogen ions was found too weak to make the excretions of much value as agents for bringing other elements into solution. The hydrogen ions in the carbonic acid given off from the root hairs were found sufficient to bring into solution various elements of the soil, particularly the phosphates. The same was found to be the case with humic acid, the concentration of the excretion being sufficient to secure a maximum yield through the solution of plant food in culture experiments.

FORESTRY AS A VOCATION

In an announcement of the special course in forestry, which is being published in the bulletin of the College of Agriculture and Domestic Science of the Ohio State university, occurs the following: "To those who enjoy outdoor life, and are willing to undergo vigorous tests of mental and physical strength, forestry presents an especially inviting field. The remuneration compares favorably with that of other salaries professions, and the opportunities for private enterprise are wide and varied."

SCIENTIFIC FORESTRY

As the cause of conservation gains strength, the demand for professionally trained foresters increases. Already there are 28 students in the new course in forestry at the Ohio State university, and the number will be larger next year. The work appeals to a sturdy type of young men who realize something of the extensive value of forestry service and have a fondness for outdoor life. As would be expected, the course is strong on the side of science and mathematics, which are fundamental in forestry. It includes surveying, forest botany, geology, timber physics and entomology and an extensive array of special forestry courses. The student is required to study a modern foreign language for two years. The course is four years in length and leads to the degree of bachelor of science in forestry.

FAT GREAT ENERGY PRODUCER

The fats found in food are similar in composition to such substances as lard, tallow, etc., which are the common fats formed in the animal body. The fat may be either burnt in the animal system to furnish heat and energy or deposited on the body as fat. As a heat and force producer fat has a greater value than any other ingredient of the food.

THE PLYMOUTH ROCK IS AN IDEAL FOWL

In poultry culture the Plymouth Rock is America's first and best production. No other breed equals it in popularity or wide distribution; no other breed can rightfully lay claim to more qualifications that go to make it the ideal of the fancier, the mainstay of the farmer and the market poultryman, or the delight of the dweller on the city lot.

For everything that goes to make up an ideal fowl for all climes and conditions, no other breed comes so near perfection. To the Plymouth Rock more than to any other agency the American breeder owes his supremacy in the poultry work of today. Its early success and popularity, added to its enduring fame, have paved the way for every other meritorious American breeds in the markets of the world. Dr. Boetler's famous description of the strawberry, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless He never did," applies with equal force to the Plymouth Rock.

After nearly a half century of breeding under all conditions and in all climates, and in spite of the introduction of many new and splendid breeds, this pioneer American-bred fowl is more than holding its own today in every department of poultry culture.

Like nearly every other composite breed, the exact origin of the Barred Plymouth Rock, the original variety is in dispute. To Messrs. Upham, Drake and Pitman, all of Massachusetts, belongs the honor of originating the breed, and to Mr. Upham alone belongs the added honor of naming it so wisely and so well. The crosses which were used to make up the original Plymouth Rock, as given by I. K. Felch, probably the oldest and best authority on the breed now living, and that which is almost generally accepted, is as follows:

1. Black Spanish on White Cochin; top crossed by Dominique.
2. Black Spanish on Gray Dorkin; top crossed by Dominique.
3. Dominique on Buff Cochin; the progeny inbred.
4. Black Spanish on Buff Cochin; the progeny inbred.
5. White Birmingham on Black Java; top crossed by Dominique.
6. White Birmingham on Black Java; the Dominique colored progeny mated to males from No. 5.

From these matings came the "Great American Mongrel," so called, of 1870, the ancestors of the Plymouth Rock of today. Those conversant with the good qualities of the various breeds used to accomplish this triumph in poultry culture can better understand than the writer can tell what characteristics each breed transmitted to make up the splendid whole. It would seem as if the Plymouth Rock had inherited nearly all the good qualities and escaped nearly all the bad ones of its numerous ancestors. What the future has in store for this breed can only be judged by the record of the past. There is undoubtedly a brilliant future for the Plymouth Rocks and assured success for the fancier or the market poultryman who pins his faith to them.

The standard of perfection admits three varieties of the Plymouth Rock; Barred, White and Buff, and will probably admit a fourth, the Columbian. All varieties should be identical in type and weight, differing only in color of plumage and to those familiar with type could be described as "medium to long in all sections."

The white variety, which originated from sports of the Barred Rock, were bred and introduced by a Mr. Frost of Maine, and are second to the Barred only in numbers and distribution. The Buff, a composite breed, is gaining rapidly in numbers and popularity and today is probably as widely and favorably known as any buff variety in existence. It is to the Barred variety, however, that the host of expert fanciers turn, for no other breed or variety offers so wide a field for the expert breeder. Where can we find a fowl so hard to describe, a shade of color so difficult to fix in the mind, but when once firmly fixed, never to be forgotten? That elusive shade of clear bluish gray, barred with a darker blue which stops just short of a positive black, so pleasing to the eye, yet so difficult to obtain. How best to secure the greatest number of finely barred and even outer and under colored specimens is a mooted question, the advocates of the single and double mating systems differing widely in their views.

Judging from the successful exhibitors at the great national shows, the writer is inclined to the belief that the advocates of the double-mating system have the best of the argument. The following brief description, of how to select a pen for each mating is from one of the best known breeders of Barred Plymouth Rocks in America:

Select a male of medium dark exhibition color, even from head to tail and barred distinctly to the skin in all sections, and as straight across the feathers as possible, of standard weight and sturdy build, broad in back, full breasted and not too high on legs; wings and tail well barred and tail rather short; comb low, straight and evenly serrated; eyes dark bay, legs rich yellow and set well apart.

Females to mate with such a male must be large, with broad backs and full round breasts, barring of plumage narrow, close and clear cut, and barred to the skin throughout. In color, medium dark to dark; eyes dark bay, legs rich yellow; combs small and straight.

Male of standard weight and sturdy build, full breast, broad back, yellow beak and dark bay eyes; strong yellow legs, set well apart; plumage several shades lighter than exhibition color, clear and bright, entirely free from any shade of brown or smut, even throughout under-barring as strong as possible with these necessary qualities.

The females to be of standard exhibition color, barring regular and deep throughout, and clear cut in wings and tail, avoiding all those that are splashed or broken in surface color. They must have broad backs, full breasts, rich yellow legs, dark bay eyes and be fully up to standard weight.

Such pens, providing the ancestors are of standard breeding, ought to produce stock to suit the exacting breeder, and if properly scored will win their share of the ribbons. To the experienced breeder it is not necessary to urge the merits of any particular breed, but to the beginner the writer would say, "If you are undecided which breed to select, try the Plymouth Rock. If you buy the best you can afford of some reliable, well known breeder, telling him just what you want and for what you want it, and follow his advice in everything pertaining to mating for the future, you will succeed, providing you are willing to work for it."

If you are only interested in the market side of the question this breed will furnish you the best table poultry at any age, and if properly fed and cared for will find the egg basket as regularly at any season of the year as any breed in existence. If the fancy appeals to you, and you can produce the winners, the prices you can obtain for the best specimens will be as high or higher on the average as that obtained for the best of any other breed.

The utmost care and skill must be used when making up the season's breeding pens, for it is at this time that the year's success or failure is determined. Start right; follow the advice of those that know, attend strictly to business, breed the best general purpose fowl in existence and your success is assured.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE

Medicine Not Needed in This Case.

It is hard to convince some people that coffee does them an injury! They lay their bad feelings to almost every cause but the true and unsuspected one.

But the doctor knows. His wide experience has proven to him that, to some systems, coffee is an insidious poison that undermines the health.

Ask the doctor if coffee is the cause of constipation, stomach and nervous troubles.

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life. I am now 42 years old and when taken sick two years ago with nervous prostration, the doctor said that my nervous system was broken down and that I would have to give up coffee.

"I got so weak and shaky I could not work, and reading your advertisement of Postum, I asked my grocer if he had any of it. He said, 'Yes,' and that he used it in his family and it was all it claimed to be.

"So I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum steadily and found in about two weeks' time I could sleep soundly at night and get up in the morning feeling fresh. In about two months I began to gain flesh. I weighed only 146 pounds when I commenced on Postum and now I weigh 167 and feel better than I did at 20 years of age.

"I am working every day and sleep well at night. My two children were great coffee drinkers, but they have not drank any since Postum came into the house, and are far more healthy than they were before."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so?

The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness.

Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and vitality to the organs of womanhood. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and reddens the cheeks.

No alcohol, or habit-formmg drugs is contained in "Favorite Prescription."

Any sick woman may consult us by letter, *free*. Every letter is held as sacredly confidental, and answered in a plain envelope. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOW TO KILL BLIGHT AND INSECT PESTS

Blight and insect pests keep the gardener on the edge of despair, for after the expense of growing a crop until nearly ready for market and then see it destroyed is, to say the least, just a little discouraging. Each year we get an addition to our long list of troubles, and without having learned to overcome the old ones. With all the experiments with sprays and insecticides, with scores of bulletins written upon these subjects, the gardener has not gained much during the last decade that is new to aid him. The orchardist has fared better, as spraying is his salvation.

For the insects and worms that eat, we can feed them paris green, and I know of nothing better. The suckers, and we find as many of them in the garden as the real estate and mining stock agents do when they cultivate

CODLING MOTH—THE APPLE PEST.

Here is shown the worst enemy of orchardists—the codling moth. "A" is the core of the apple, "B" is where the codling worm always enters and eats a path, as shown, to the core and out through the side to the surface. "D" is the pupa stage in which the larvae rests in a cocoon under the bark of the tree shown at "I." "E" is the codling worm as it comes from the interior of the fruit. "F," a moth laying eggs on the apple. "G" is a moth flying.

the acquaintance of the "easy marks," can only be scared off; you cannot kill them; make them uncomfortable by tangling their legs with land plaster, road dust or coal ashes. Something like sulphur, tobacco or kerosene, that has a disagreeable odor. Carbon bisulphid is being used to exterminate the worms and insects that work underground.

The remedies recommended for blight and fungus diseases contain copper sulphate in combination with quicklime, ammonia, or caustic soda, and are used to protect the plant from the attack of the various diseases. It must be applied as a preventive, and foliage must be kept covered continually. This means eternal vigilance and the time may be near when it will be as necessary for the gardener to spray as thoroughly as does the successful orchardist at the present time.

It may be best to experiment in a small way so as to become familiar with the methods of mixing and applying these fungicides and watch results. From my own experience, and from what I have learned from the experience of others, I believe much may be accomplished to prevent the ravages of these pests by practicing a regular rotation of crops, using all the fertility possible, using only the best seed and strongest plants, and giving the very best culture. The weakest plants, as well as the weakest and badly nourished members of the animal kingdom, are usually the first to succumb to the ravages of disease.

QUESTIONS OF THE FEED LOT

How much feed for steer? We have had considerable discussion as to the amount of feed a steer on full feed should receive. Will Prof. Mumford please discuss this question in the Feeders' Corner?

Reply: I cannot do better than to quote from Beef Production: "Where oilmeal or cottonseed meal is to be fed there are several questions arising which should be briefly considered. How much of these commercial concentrates should be fed per animal per day and how rapidly should steers be worked up to the amount to be fed? Experience has demonstrated that if one wishes to get the largest net profit from feeding these feeds a minimum rather than a maximum amount should be used—that is, the feeding of two or three pounds per steer per day with feeds at normal prices. The amount that can be fed to advantage will of course, vary with the composition of the remainder of the ration. For example, if alfalfa and clover hay are used as roughage and the feeding of these concentrates is largely a matter of increasing the value of the manure, then the maximum amount fed should not exceed three pounds per day per 1000 pounds live weight of cattle, and it is even possible that the most profitable returns are secured by feeding even smaller amounts. Where timothy hay, corn stover or straw is used for roughage and corn for the concentrated part of the ration, this three pounds becomes the minimum amount of oilmeal, cottonseed meal or gluten meal to be fed daily per 1,000 pounds live weight of cattle. When corn is high in price and these feeds reasonable, as much as four pounds may be fed to advantage. These amounts are suggested for two-year-old or older cattle. For calves or yearlings one pound per 1,000 pounds live weight of cattle more than that stated for older cattle will be found a good rule to follow. Cattle should be started on these feeds at the rate of one-fourth pound per day per animal, increasing them at the rate of one-eighth pound per day until the cattle receive the required amount."

ANSWERS BY A VETERINARIAN

Lame Mule.

I have a mule that is lame in his left hind leg. He walks on his tiptoe, and when he goes up hill he is a great deal lamer. I have had him examined by several of my neighbors, and they say he is stifled. He has been lame for about six weeks, and if he is stifled, can you tell what to do for him?—Subscriber.

Reply—People have a false impression as to the right meaning of the term "stifled," and in a majority of instances it is wrongly applied. When a horse is "stifled" the patella (knee cap) of the stifle has become dislocated (out of place), and in such a condition the hind leg is thrust backward, with the hock joint almost in a straight line, and the leg cannot be adv

ROF. SAMUELS ORIGINATES PECULIAR METHOD OF TREATMENT

S PHENOMENAL SUCCESS CAUSES ENMITY OF DOCTORS

RRESTED MANY TIMES

Acquitted by Juries and Judges and Permitted to Continue in a Work That He Alone Can Do, as He Is the Only Man in the World Using His System—Patients Make Startling Statements of His Successful Method of Treating Consumption, Bright's Disease, Kidney Trouble, Blindness, Fits, Catarrh, Heart Disease, Cataracts, Nervous Prostration, Dropsy, Hay Fever and Many Other Diseases That Baffle the Skill of the Ordinary Physician.

WICHITA, KAS.—The almost miraculous cure of hopeless invalids made by Professor Samuels, of Wichita, Kas., have been of such a startling character that they have aroused widespread wonder, admiration and curiosity. Time and again he has taken cases pronounced hopelessly incurable by the medical profession and restored the patients to health in a most phenomenal manner.

There is considerable mystery attached to Professor Samuels' method of accomplishing these marvels, and it is known that he does not use the drastic drugs and medicines that doctors depend upon. And it is a matter of proof that with the system this discovery gives him, he has made the blind see and the lame walk. He has revived the flickering spark of life in bodies on the very verge of the grave, and restored to health men and women given up to die by doctors and specialists.

Professor Samuels came into note several years ago by his almost miraculous cure of "Blind Joe," of Topeka, Kas., who was well known in that city, having sold peanuts and popcorn on the streets there for years. He had been blind for ten years and had exhausted all the means in his power to be cured, and had given up in despair until he went into the hands of Professor Samuels, who effected a cure.

Professor Samuels has been arrested many times for practicing his system without having a diploma. On being interviewed a few days ago relative to the many arrests, Professor Samuels said:

"Yes, I have been arrested many times for practicing without a license, but in no case have I been convicted. Naturally, the medical profession are jealous of my success, and are fighting me at most of the time, but how are they going to convict me? Do you suppose a jury, when my patients come into court, as they did at Alva, Okla., Newkirk, Okla., Ponca City, Okla., and other towns, and tell how they have been cured of all manner of trouble, do you suppose for a minute that any jury would bring these people and seeing with their own eyes what has been accomplished, is going to convict me? My trial at Alva was before a very able judge, Jesse J. Dunn, who is now chief justice of the state of Oklahoma; after hearing the evidence for and against me I was acquitted. At Newkirk I was tried before Judge Hausley, a very able judge. Judge Brown, a noted lawyer, was the prosecuting attorney, and argued the case very hard, but I was acquitted. These persecutions were brought because I have no license. Being the originator and only practitioner of my system of healing, how am I to get a diploma? I can't issue it to myself, and the medical fraternity, trotting along in the same harness for half a century, too blind to accept my discovery, which accomplishes actual results, make it impossible for me to procure a license as a representative of any of the recognized schools. So what I to do but to proceed in my own way and accomplish results that astound humanity?"

The professor here showed a reprint from the court records showing the result of his assertions that the court had not convicted him.

Professor Samuels is a remarkable man. Bright, alert, progressive and though 60, he is straight and active and gives one the impression that he is much younger. He talks with such an earnest conviction and enthusiasm of his work that the listener must believe and believe in his work.

"What is the nature of your treatment?" was the next question.

"That is a secret that has taken many years of my life to accomplish. I can say that my results are obtained in curing diseases by dropping a colorless liquid, which I prepare, into the system. Strange as it may seem, so-called incurable cases of consumption, Bright's disease, dropsy, epileptic fits, nervous prostration are treated in this apparently miraculous way. My system is based absolutely on scientific principles. The eye is the window of the soul. I have evolved a system of treating other bodily ills based on the relation of the eye to the system as a whole. This may seem strange, but here are the facts."

Thereupon the professor placed before his interviewer his "Message of Facts," affidavits and letters in great numbers, many of them from responsible and well-known people, all bearing on his statements.

This proved that Mr. Frank Hoff, in business at 249 North Main street, Wichita, Kas., had been given up to die of consumption. He had been treated by the greatest specialist in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was some seven years ago and when he had tried everything else without avail, that he came to Professor Samuels and was cured. He is a large, strong man and weighs 200 pounds now, and when called upon by the interviewer, stated that he owed his life to Professor Samuels.

Mrs. Minnie B. Tarver, living at Hesville, Miss., had what was pronounced to be a very bad case of tuberculosis. A large number of her family had died from the same disease, among them her mother, two sisters, one brother and one brother-in-law. She had practically given up hopes of hearing of Professor Samuels and of his taking his treatment. She was a prey to fever, a cough and night sweats, and now and then a hemorrhage. She weighed only 120 pounds. After beginning treatment, she noticed an improvement the very first day. She gained in weight until she weighed 150 pounds, her usual weight.

Mr. I. W. Shufelberger, living seven miles northeast of Wichita, was almost blind and deaf, was led by his daughter to the office of Professor Samuels, and was suffering a great deal of pain from his eyes. Professor Samuels restored his eyesight after three weeks' treatment. He goes everywhere unattended and transacts his business and writes almost as well as he ever did in his life. After being entirely deaf in one ear for twenty years, he can hear the tick of a watch.

Miss Ida Garrison, who resides at 963 Roberts avenue, Wichita, Kas., was said to be very low with consumption by leading physicians. She tried all sorts of climate and very best doctors on lung trouble and was pronounced incurable by all. Miss Garrison took my treatment about seven years ago and she treated about nine months and is still in good health.

Mrs. Josie Townsend of Geary, Okla., writes: "I feel that I owe you my life, for when I commenced treatment with you a few months ago I had been given up to die—I had been sick for twenty-four years and had been treated by some of the best doctors in Kansas and Oklahoma, but they could do me no good. When you commenced to treat me I had one large sore on my leg which was sore to the bone, and several small sores around it, and just the least bit of work would burst a vein and I would almost bleed to death. I was all bloated up with dropsy and could not sleep; would almost smother at times. Everyone claimed that I could not live and I thought so myself, as I could hardly walk around the house. My feet and hands were almost paralyzed and are now so that I can use them again, and God knows I thank you more than I can tell.

"Professor, you are a wonder. All the people here who know me, just look at me and say: 'Is it possible that this could be you, and all the medicine you used was the drops in your eyes?'"

Mr. P. R. Robey, who resides at 309 North Walnut street, Wichita, Kas., brought his mother, Mrs. P. Spidal, to Wichita to be treated by Professor Samuels. She was unable to move hand or foot; she was even unable to speak. Her case was paralysis. Physicians had given her up and considered her case hopeless. She was taken in an ambulance to the home of her daughter. After using Professor Samuels' treatment a few months she was restored to health.

Mr. Harry Evans, a wholesale lumberman, located at 307 Winne building, Wichita, Kas., had what the best physicians called Bright's disease. The doctors could not give him any hope and he continued to get worse. He was also losing his eyesight from what was said to be paralysis of the optic nerve. He took treatment from Professor Samuels and began to improve from the very start. His eyesight came back, and all symptoms of Bright's disease left. After taking Professor Samuels' treatment he was examined by leading physicians, and they stated he had not the slightest trace of Bright's disease.

Mr. Evans is known all over the country, a leading business man whose word can be relied upon and he would be glad to write or tell anyone of his experience with Professor Samuels.

The young son of W. W. Lyon, located at Augusta, Kas., had been suffering for a long time with a severe case of asthma. He was treated by Prof. Samuels, and is now in good health. In a recent letter, Mr. Lyon writes: "It was the best investment I ever made."

Mary A. Stout, who lives at Burlington, Kas., had what was pronounced to be a bad case of diabetes. This disease is pronounced incurable by regular practitioners. This case was treated by Professor Samuels. In a recent letter to Professor Samuels, she writes: "I feel well, and have no marks of diabetes. May God's richest blessing ever be with you."

"Is it necessary for your patients to come to see you to be treated?" was asked. "No, my treatment can be sent by mail. Many of my patients come to see me, but it is not always necessary. My treatment is sent to hundreds, and, in fact, I am as successful in treating that way as though the patients were right here. To people from a distance who write me, an information blank is sent to fill out. In this way I am enabled to send them the treatment with full directions for its use."

"I should think with your ability to cure you would be in a position to demand big money from your patients," remarked the interviewer. "No, I do not do that now. My charges, when the patients used to call on me in person, used to be pretty high. I am getting old, and I feel that it is my duty in my last years to place my treatment in the hands of the poor as well as the rich.

"I believe that I owe a duty to mankind, and that as many people as possible, no matter what place or nationality, nor where located, should be benefited by my life's work. On this account, I have reduced my charges so they are within reach of all.

"My greatest aim in life from now on will be to relieve the ills of humanity, and when death calls me hence, I have arranged so that my secret will not die with me, but will be known, so that men in all ages to come will reap the reward of my life's work."

Everyone who is sick, no matter what their troubles may be, should write Professor Samuels, room 65, Samuels Bldg., Wichita, Kas., for his "Message of Facts," and they will find something in it of interest to them.

POTATO LEAF-CURL DISEASE

Dwarfed growth, leaf curl and crinkling of leaflets in potatoes are all due to the same cause, the specific nature of which has not been positively determined. The disease is readily transmitted through the tubers, and its influence seems to increase from generation to generation. Fertilizers do not seem to influence the leaf curl disease to any considerable extent, although some methods of culture seem to favor its development. Poorly developed tubers are more likely to spread the disease than sound ones. There is little evidence that the cause of the disease can be transferred from the tuber to the soil, yet as a precaution rotation of crops is advised.

The usual methods of combating plant diseases are said to have failed, and extensive experiments by potato growers is advised to ascertain practical methods for the control of leaf curl, which is becoming one of the most serious of potato diseases.

"Doctor, my wife has lost her voice. What can I do about it?"

"Try getting home late some night."—Exchange.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prizes of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ECLIPSE OF THE MOON

Please tell what causes the moon to be eclipsed.—W. J., Clinchport, Va.

A lunar eclipse is caused by the interposition of the earth between the sun and the moon and the moon's consequent immersion in the shadow of the earth. This can occur only when the moon is in opposition to the sun on the heavens, at the time of full moon, and both sun and moon are near the moon's nodes, that is the points where her orbit crosses the plane of the ecliptic.

THE THIRD DEGREE

Can you explain what is meant by putting a criminal or person arrested through the third degree?—G. A., Geneva, O.

The police officers of the country often resort to the third degree to get confessions from a person suspected of crime. They take the person suspected into a room and there question him severely. The questions are so numerous and are asked in such a manner that they often cause the accused to become confused and he answers them in such a way that they implicate him in the crime, though he may be entirely innocent. By means of the third degree, a confession is sometimes wrung from both the guilty and the innocent. The latter makes one solely because of his confused state of mind. There is no physical torture connected with the third degree, but there is a great amount of mental torture which issues from it.

ROTATION OF THE EARTH

Please tell the reason why if the earth rotates around its axis a balloon rising near the Atlantic coast could not descend within a few minutes in the city of Chicago, for would not the earth be whirled around beneath it?—E. P., Saltville, Va.

The earth would not rotate beneath a balloon that is up in the air. It would rotate around its axis to be sure, but so would the air or atmosphere which surrounds the earth. The balloon, though off the face of the globe, is still within that atmosphere and it would therefore rotate with it the same as if it was fastened to the earth.

JAMES I.

Will you please give a sketch of the life of James I. of Scotland?—H. L. B., Lafayette, Tenn.

James I., king of Scotland, was born in 1394, and died February 21, 1437. He was the son of Robert III. In 1406, while on his way to France, he was taken by the English and carried to the Tower of London. For the next 18 years he was imprisoned in the various castles of England. While in Windsor castle he wrote several poems. The father of James died shortly after hearing of his son's captivity, and James was proclaimed king; but during the remainder of the reign of Henry IV., and the whole of that of Henry V., he was detained in England, with a view to prevent the alliance of Scotland with France. When he was 30 years of age he was restored to his throne under the regency of the duke of Bedford. On his return to Scotland he restored that country to some degree of order, but so severe was his treatment of the turbulent nobles that he was at last murdered by their emissaries at Perth in the thirteenth year of his reign.

RUSSIAN STEPPES

I would like to have a full description of the Russian steppes through the Question Bureau.—H. E. N., Clarla, W. Va.

The steppes of Russia are the extensive tracts of land which, beginning at the Dnieper, extend along the southeast of Russia, around the Caspian and Aral seas, between the Ural and Altai mountains, and occupy a considerable portion of Siberia. These steppes are treeless and are covered with rough grass and shrubs during the short spring season, but soon become arid deserts, owing to the drought of summer, and in winter are wastes of snow. They are open and flat, differing considerably in aspect, according to the nature of the soil of which they are composed; some tracts consisting of deep black earth, clothed with shrubs and grasses; others of hard, sandy clay, and sterile; and others again of a sand or rocky shingle, and only here and there dotted with vegetation. This applies only to the spring and early summer; for during the summer droughts all are alike desert save around the springs and streamlets, and during winter, which comes on in October, the whole is one exposed and inhospitable snow waste. The Siberian plain, as might be expected from its extent, is of a more varied character, consisting of low-lying tundras, or black swampy pools, the based of broad undulating steppes and partially wooded uplands. However, the tundras and wooded lands are scarcely included in the steppes proper. From June to the middle of August, the tundras are thawed to a small depth, the steppes are scantily covered with grass and mosses, the banks of the great river are thick with birch and pine, and immense herds of horses and cattle give animation to the scene. In winter fearful storms rage, and dry snow is driven by the gale with a violence which neither man nor animals can resist.

LADY JANE GREY

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Lady Jane Grey?—E. C. P., Cartersville, Va.

Lady Jane Grey, an English princess, was born in 1537 and died February 12, 1554. She was the daughter of Henry Grey, marquis of Dorset, afterward duke of Suffolk. She had much talent and was well versed in classics as well as in the leading modern languages of the day. In 1553 she was married to Lord Guildford Dudley. When Edward VI. died he was induced to settle on Lady Jane the succession to the throne. The council endeavored to keep his death a secret, with a view to securing the persons of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth. Mary, apprised of their design, wrote expressing her surprise that she had not been advised of her brother's death and commanding them, on their allegiance, to proclaim her title. The council asked her to be quiet and obedient, and then it proclaimed Lady Jane the queen. On the approach of Mary to the scene of government the council meanly deserted Lady Jane and joined in proclaiming Mary the queen. Lady Jane was then confined in the tower, where her husband was also imprisoned and pleaded guilty of high treason. It is possible that she might have been allowed to serve a short sentence of imprisonment if it had not been for the ill-advised insurrection of Sir Thomas Wyatt, in which the duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane's father, was weak enough to participate. The rebellion was put down, but Lady Jane Grey and her husband were executed on Tower hill soon after.

MOON AND THE TIDES

Please explain the connection between the moon and the tides.—A. W. W., Charlevoix, Mich.

At the times of the new and the full moon the tidal forces of the moon and sun act in the same direction, whereas, at first and last quarters they oppose each other. When they unite their forces we have spring tides, characterized by large ranges of the tide; when they are opposed, neap tides, having small ranges. The spring and neap tides usually occur soon after the corresponding phases of the moon. The interval is called the retard or age of the tide, or the age of the phase inequality, and is usually less than 36 hours. The lunitidal intervals have their mean values at the times of spring and neap tides; the tides occur at a fraction of an hour earlier between spring and neap tides, and later between neap and springs. Other things being equal, the range of tide is greater than usual by about one-sixth part when the moon is near apogee. An increase or decrease of about one-tenth part of the range occurs when the moon is near the equator or near its point of extreme declination, respectively.

CANNIBALISM

Please tell in the Question Bureau what you can about the people known as cannibals.—W. C. H., Cherryville, N. C.

Cannibalism has been practiced from time immemorial, both by people in civilized nations and by savages. The former did it because they were sometimes shipwrecked without food, so they resorted to the killing of one or more of their comrades so the remainder could subsist until rescued. When America was discovered cannibalism was found to prevail to a great extent, and as late as 1566 it was known that two Brazilian officers, while exploring the Pachitea river, were eaten by natives. The practice was also common in the Sandwich islands and in Africa. The human flesh is regarded in the latter place as a great delicacy, and is even preferred to every other kind of food. Even now in some of the islands of the Pacific ocean cannibalism is practiced by the savage inhabitants. Many years ago, at the time of the crusades and before, cannibalism was practiced by a great many nations. Hunger, revenge and various superstitions have been ascribed as causes for the practice. Among the latter is the belief that the spirit of a brave enemy would pass into the body of the eater and thereby strengthen him for battle. More especially is this the case in regard to eating the human heart.

GINSENG

Please tell for what gisneng is used.—H. J. D., Eldred, Pa.

The light yellow root of ginseng is highly esteemed by the Chinese as a stimulant. It is used, however, for almost every domestic and medicinal purpose, and specimens resembling the human body often command their weight in gold because of supposed occult virtues. China furnishes almost the sole market for ginseng.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Will you please give a history of the Sunday schools in the United States?—J. W. J., Cortland, Ind.

The first Sunday schools were established in England. At first the movement was not looked upon with favor by the people of New England. It was regarded as a menace to the sacredness of the Sabbath, and also as an infringement of home duties. The Protestant Sunday school, as it stands today in this country, may be said to have had its real beginning in Philadelphia December 19, 1790, when twelve persons held a meeting and decided to begin the work. Schools had been established in the United States shortly after Raikes had begun his work, but they existed more as local institutions. On January 11, 1791, a society was established in Philadelphia which had for its object the support of Sunday schools. Bishop William White was president, and Matthew Carey was the secretary. The American Sunday School Union, on its 75th anniversary, had 100,928 schools with a membership of 4,070,346 pupils and 578,680 teachers.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. H., Sears, Mich.: The U. S. constitution forbids the states making tonnage taxes without the permission of congress.

C. R. B., Henry, Tenn.: The negro population of Ohio in 1900 was 96,901.

D. A. S., Point Marion, Pa.: See a pension lawyer to find out if you are entitled to a pension.

W. G., Weston, Ore.: We have no code book giving the meaning of the different signals used in the U. S. signal service.

J. T., Pana, Ill.: The English channel has never been crossed by a swimmer.

Save Money If You Intend to Build

My new book "HOMES OF CHARACTER" is the best book of low cost and artistic house plans published. It is the result of twenty years' PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE in planning and building homes, and WILL SAVE YOU MONEY—save you three-fourths the usual architects fees—save you money in building—because THE PLANS ARE UNUSUALLY COMPLETE AND ACCURATE. These plans are for homes costing from $1,000 to $10,000 and every detail is worked out as carefully as though you were my only client. The BUILDING COST given can be ABSOLUTELY DEPENDED UPON.

Send $1.00 TODAY for this book of plans. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Free sample pages sent on request.

JOHN HENRY NEWSON,
Architect.
1241 Williamson Building. Cleveland, Ohio.

BY TELEPHONE

Disadvantages in Latest Proposed Embellisment.

New York Times.

Two Frenchmen assert, and they have proofs they claim will pass any consistory, that they have perfected the seeing telephone. It is another step in the grand march of science.

But who wants a seeing telephone? Now, honestly, women all, do you?

That seeing all things will cause a chain of embarsassments and complications, especially in the rosy days of courtship. Who wants her Reginald calling her early in the morning, to discover that these curls he finds so ravishing are the work of curl papers or bristling curling kids?

Who wants Clarence, who last night raved about the marvel of her milk and roses complexion, to see that in the candid early morning light she is rather sallow?

Who would have her Launcelot see that her dressing sacque is faded and a bit frayed about the sleeves?

Who would let her Harold, who says he fell in love with her sunny temper, see that her alabaster brow is quite capable of a frown when she is called untimely from spreading the butter on her waffles or from driving a close bargain with an about-to-yield dressmaker.

Or suppose the intelligence, that either of these gentlemen conveys by telephone is unwelcome? Almost any woman can control her voice, but almost no woman can keep the shadow of surprise, vexation or disappointment from her face. Some wives may not choose to let their husbands know they are pained—or pleased—by the news that those husbands have an imperative business engagement downtown, that engagement to include dinner. Their cooing, "Yes, dear," at the other end of the line may betray no emotion, but that seeing telephone will.

Suppose that she is driving one of those close bargains, which have helped to earn for women their reputation as great economists. She may be at the point of yielding to the last price named, when the other bargainer, hearing no sound and fearing that she might lose a customer, names the lower price. What if the shrewd tradesman had seen the signs of yielding in her face? There would have been a bargain lost.

Suppose a woman chooses to tell a fib, a harmless little one, or a justifiable big one, like that which Victor Hugo made the good sister tell in Les Miserables, to the man at the end of the vibrating line? Would not her expressive face contradict her words?

If one woman calls up another to say she is sorry that she can't come to her bridge party that afternoon, but that she is really dreadfully ill; that she has a frightful toothache. "You should see my face, my dear. It is hideously swollen," and that face under the telephone is fit, there will be two more feminine enemies.

The embarrassments of the telephone with the power of sight are countless. Its advantages it seems are two.

Far away lovers may derive the bliss that can be gathered from scanning each other's features, comprehend each other's thought, but glorified to each other. These long distance flashlights of each other will doubtless make fond pre-matrimonial hearts happier.

And husbands who make strange excuses to their wives for absence from home will have to stand the searchlight of the inquiring conjugal eye, while they phone their glib regrets, or their invention of sick friends, who kept them out all night.

Atrocious Signboards.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Those dwellers in one of the suburban settlements in the vicinity of the Palisades, at New York, who, with ax and saw, and under the cover of night, rid their town of a number of unsightly sign-boards, undertook to do the right thing in the wrong way. Nothing in American business methods has done more to fix upon this country the reproach of commercialism in its most objectionable aspect than the signboard advertising which disfigures the country everywhere, in disregard of every consideration of good taste and decency. It in no way mitigates the offense that men use their own land for such purposes or pay liberally for the privilege of making other men's land hideous. The remedy for the evil has yet to be found, and while violent methods are not to be condoned, they may at least serve a useful purpose of directing attention to the need of reform, and thus hasten the desired end.

AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK

Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." "Hundreds of agents coining money—$5.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. Astonishing low price to agents—1,200 ordered by one man. Write at once. Don't delay. Experience unnecessary. Sample free.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 2278 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

The Girl and the Garden

ELIZABETH AYRES

THE OLD CRANK lived in a back room because he wanted to.

He wanted to, partly because the sun gave him a path of its light across his dingy carpet, if it was gracious enough to shine at the time when it was due to reach his windows in the morning, and partly because there was a patch of garden ground that came within his view.

The ground that was a garden belonged to an apartment building whose back windows faced those of the house in which the Old Crank lived. The patch of ground was made a garden by a middle-aged man and woman who were husband and wife. They were the care-takers of the building, and lived in basement rooms, whose ceilings were not much above the level of the garden. The garden, with its foliage and flowers, was an oasis of color amid a dreary waste of dust and ashes. But little soil remained unbuilt over in the rear of the buildings which fronted the street solidly. With the exception of this one small square, framed in securely by a high board fence, there was nothing but that was sordid in the spaces designated as back yards.

The Old Crank did not in the least deserve his appellation. To be sure, he was no longer young, but the word "crank" did not fit his disposition. The misnomer was given to him in the house he lived in, because he was a silent man, and his fellow lodgers were of the kind who could not understand one who did so little talking. Hence, the "Old Crank."

In common with many another city dweller who, while in a crowd, lives much alone, he made friends and companions of his window neighbors, picking out from among them those he thought he should like the best, should he ever have with them a speaking acquaintance.

He knew he should like the middle-aged couple who had the garden, and he knew he should like the fair young girl who was their daughter and came at morning and evening into the garden. She was the fairest flower of all that bloomed in this little nook, where all was fair and lovely.

Presently there came a young man to sit in the garden with the fair young woman. He came in the early evening, when the middle-aged couple were there, busied with watering cans and with scissors to snip away dead leaves and with bits of twine, intended to train straying vines to know their places. They seemed oblivious of the romance going on under their eyes. Most of the time their backs were turned to the young couple, sitting so happily side by side on a bench which faced the Old Crank's windows. His eyes were keener. He had not been without his own romance, and he was not so much of an ancient that he could not be moved by the sight of a repetition of the old, old story.

It was in the spring when the young man first began coming to sit with the young girl in the garden. The Old Crank watched the affection between them bud and blossom, as he watched the budding and blossoming of the garden. Alike they thrived. In midsummer, when the garden was in the height of its bloom, he watched them sitting together, often in the silence which of late, had come upon them, as if they had grown shy of each other.

The garden of love is the garden of dreams, you know.

Just at the dusk of one of the midsummer evenings he saw the young man steal a claiming arm around the young girl's shoulders, and, not repulsed, he saw him hold her against his heart. He seemed to be asking a question which must have had a happy answer, for the next moment the young man's head bent down toward the young girl's face, and then the Old Crank turned away. He thought this was a time he must not be watching.

When he looked again, the middle-aged man was shaking the young man's hand warmly. After he had finished this ceremony the middle-aged woman stepped up and kissed the young man on his cheek, and then the four clasped hands in a circle and seemed to be absurdly pleased with one another. The Old Crank shook hands with himself so that he, too, might have a part in the congratulations.

The days passed by, as days have a way of passing, and all seemed well in the garden until one evening, at the hour when the Old Crank had learned to expect him, the young man was not there. The one evening multiplied into several, and still he did not come. At first, the Old Crank fancied he might be out of the city, but this fancy was dispelled when he saw the young girl, sitting disconsolately on the bench, and in the attitude of weeping. The sight held a pathos for him that was more than he wanted to endure. He could not bear to have the romance withered that he had seen bud and blossom into flower.

The girl's mother was trying to be her comforter, and the Old Crank told himself she was was saying: "Now, dearie, don't cry so, don't cry. It will be all right. Young folks must have their tiffs. It was just so with me and your father."

To him, he felt, whatever was the cause of the difficulty, fell the roll of peacemaker. He put on his hat with an air of determination and went down into the street. He hastened around the corner and there, as he had been very sure he would be, walking slowly and forlornly along, he saw the young man, hovering near the place where his deity was enshrined, doubtless hoping that some kind fate would come to his rescue and heal the breach of misunderstanding.

He knew the Old Crank by sight, having frequently seen him at his window, so he answered him readily when he stopped to engage him in conversation. He went with him readily, too, when, on the plea of loneliness, he was invited to go to the Old Crank's room for the ostensible purpose of seeing some books and a few other things which might prove interesting. He was not so much attracted by the prospect of seeing the books and a few other things as he was by the Old Crank's kindly manner. Someway, he felt that he was a friend in need.

When they reached their destination, the Old Crank preceded the young man into the room, so that he might take a glance out of the window and be sure of the picture which he wished to bring before his visitor's vision.

It was as he had hoped and planned for. The girl was in the garden, only now she was alone, though she was still sitting on the bench in the attitude of weeping.

With a fine pretense of having no special object in view, the Old Crank invited the young man to take the chair at the window. "'Tis the pleasantest place in the room," he said.

Then he turned away and bustled about, as if searching for the books and a few other things. He was not bustling so hard he could not hear a quick intake of breath from the neighborhood of the window. The sound seemed to be for him a cause for smiling. His smile grew broader when, with a hurried "excuse me," the young man seized his hat and rushed out of the door. He kept on smiling as he listened to him, clattering down the stairs, and he was still smiling when, from his window, in an incredibly short time, he saw the young man appear in the garden.

"Must have run all the way," he chuckled.

He stayed to watch until he saw the young girl spring to her feet and go swiftly toward her lover. He was sure, if he only had been a little nearer, he might have seen the glory-light in her eyes.

He did not stay to watch their greeting. He turned his back, like the gentleman he was, and once more shook hands with himself, because now, you see, he really and truly had a right to be part of the congratulations.

Enormous Tobacco Exports.

The United States leads the world as an exporter of tobacco, having supplied over $41,000,000 worth of tobacco and manufactures of tobacco which entered international markets last year. In the exportation of manufactured tobacco Cuba is at the head of the list with a total of $13,000,000, compared with $6,000,000 for the United Kingdom, $4,750,000 for Germany, the United States, $2,500,000 for the Netherlands, $2,250,000 for Egypt, $1,500,000 each for Germany and Brazil, $1,250,000 for France, and $1,000,000 for Japan. Of the tobacco exported from the United States, about 11 per cent is in the manufactured form and from Cuba about 45 per cent. The tobacco crop of the United States in 1908 was 718,000,000 pounds, valued at $74,000,000; the value of domestic manufactures, according to the census of 1905, $331,000,000; the revenue derived from domestic tobacco in 1908, $50,000,000, and the total duties collected on imported tobacco in the fiscal year 1909, $23,250,000. Germany and the United States are the world's leading markets for tobacco, Germany being credited with $35,000,000 worth of imports and the United States with $30,000,000 worth of imports of that article, compared with $25,000,000 worth imported into the United Kingdom and $10,000 into Austro-Hungary. Countries importing between $4,000,000 and $100,000,000 worth of tobacco annually include France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Canada.

TO CONTROL GRAY ROT

For the prevention of gray rot of grapes one investigator recommends a treatment which he claims is very simple and efficient. This consists of thinning the leaves on the north side of the vines and spraying with Bordeaux mixture to which soap is added to make it more adherent. The treatment should be made about July 25, or at the stage when the grapes have just about reached their full size. If the fungicide is thoroughly applied at this time and spraying with Bordeaux mixture to which soap is added to make it more adherent. The treatment should be made about July 25, or at the stage when the grapes have just about reached their full size. If the fungicide is thoroughly applied at this time and spraying with Bordeaux mixture to which soap is added to make it more adherent. The treatment should be made about July 25, or at the stage when the grapes have just about reached their full size. If the fungicide is thoroughly appiled at this time no further trouble may be anticipated from this disease.

Where Flood Is Welcome

From Popular Mechanics.

When Chinese rivers are in flood the small-farm producers of that country divert the water into large reservoirs or ponds, and through the dry months distribute the water thus captured to their fields through a system of ditches. This illustration shows one of the windmills of such a system. These mills, which have been in use for hundreds of years, are made in octagonal form. The framework is of bamboo and the planes are a very hard matting. Ropes are provided to set the mill so to catch the wind from any direction, and a system of very primitive gearing works an endless chain on which buckets are arranged to catch the water. The excess of water thus diverted into the fields is carried back to the main ditch or canal to be used over again.

Research and the State.

Medical Record.

We often hear the complaint made, though not so often now as formerly, that this country is handicapped in scientific work by the niggardliness of the government in not building and equipping laboratories and providing salaries and pensions to enable men of ability to give their whole time to scientific labors, and writers often point to Germany as a model which we might follow with benefit. But Koch suffered all his life from being a servant of the government. The premature announcement of his discovery of tuberculin was forced from him by his government superior, who thought it would give eclat to the Berlin international congress; and time and again he was sent hither and yon, to the interruption of some work of possible far-reaching importance, on suggestion of the emperor or of the health ministry, because it was thought the new work would reflect credit on the Fatherland. Had Koch been at the head of some privately endowed institute in America, free to pursue his investigations in his own way and along his own lines, he would undoubtedly have accomplished far more than he did, and might possibly have made other discoveries of incalculable benefit to the world.

Big Lens Cooling.

Los Angeles Times.

Within a month or six weeks there will be an item of news at the Mt. Wilson observatory which will interest the entire world. It will be known at that time whether the 100-inch lens, recently cast in France, is to be a success or not. If it is, new secrets of the heavens will be revealed as soon as it can be set up on Mt. Wilson.

The attempt to cast the big reflector was once before made and the result was a failure. It takes several months for the big casting to cool, and the second one is in that process now. The first reports are that it will probably come out all right.

Some idea of the difficulties to be overcome in mounting the big lens that is coming will be gained from the fact that it weighs five tons. This piece of glass must be hung so that it will move with perfect ease in order to be kept in a fixed position by the clockwork attachment which overcomes the motion of the earth. Dr. Hale's invention is a steel bearing floating in mercury, a principle in use on the 60-inch lens which weighs one ton.

Astronomers originally doubted the efficiency of the larger lenses. It has been demonstrated that the spectra of the stars are increased in a ratio corresponding to the size of the lens, and with the 100-inch disc there are remarkable possibilities of developing new facts in regard to the universe.

This lens, weighing five tons, will have to be transported to the top of a mountain a mile high, where tons of the original material for construction had to be packed over a mule trail on the backs of burros. The wagon trail built for the purpose of getting the 60-inch lens to the top will again prove indispensable.

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Michigan Lakes

FIVE thousand lakes of all sizes is the proud total claimed by the state of Michigan. Some of them are mysterious bodies, having neither outlet nor inlet, nor, so far as can be discovered by sounding, bottom.

Many of the smaller lakes, according to Fur News, are slowly growing over and have wide margins of tough sod that will support the weight of a man, although merely resting on water or a thin mud of unknown depth.

These margins tremble to the tread and quiver for many feet around when stepped upon. There are instances where a lake has become entirely overgrown and for so long a period that the surface becomes solid and the existence of water underneath is unsuspected.

The Pere Marquette Railroad Co., when building a branch between Grand Rapids and Lansing, returned to the work one morning to find that several rods of roadbed had disappeared during the night and a considerable lake had taken its place. Thousands of feet of timber and many carloads of earth were dumped in before bottom was found and the road had anything like a firm foundation. The pressure of the displaced water heaved the earth and cracked it for some distance around, tilting large forest trees, some of which fell.

Water came up through these crevices, bringing eyeless fish, both bass and bullheads, convincing certain former sceptics that when any organ of sense or locomotion falls into disuse it degenerates and finally is lost. Probably these fish were the descendants of others that had lived in darkness for ages.

A small lake in Bowne township, supposed by the rural folk to be bottomless, swallowed up a full half acre at one gulp a few years ago, and where the slide took place the water is apparently as deep as ever.

In the extreme western edge of Ionia county there is a little lake of about three acres in area; it is without any visible feeders or outlet. It is surrounded by woods on the high land, while its margin is grown up to shrubs and flags and grasses peculiar to the ordinary swamp.

This is another of this mysterious water holes, termed bottomless, one party having sounded 150 feet without finding bottom. The water is red and unfit to drink, and millions of minute particles of vegetable matter are held in suspension and are in commotion as if stirred by force of an undercurrent or boiling springs.

The only fish are big mouthed bass and bullheads. For all that the water seems to be so swampy in character it does not detract from the flavor of the fish, probably owing to the fact of its being of better quality in its lower depths.

Nagley's Lake, in Kent county, is formed like a great horseshoe and is about seven miles in circumference. It has been sounded in one place and showed a depth of 250 feet. It has but one insignificant feeder and the natural evaporation must be considerable, and yet it has an outlet which flows water sufficient for power to drive a sawmill and gristmill, proving

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1910.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Finding fault with others doesn't get a man very far.

It is about time for the doctors to discover an aeroplane disease.

Mr. Bryan is not in favor of Democratic presidential possibilities.

Putting the ice-box in the reception hall doesn't make a home look hospitable.

A bolt of lightning hit the hind leg of a Missouri mule and escaped without injury.

All good college girls will take Mr. Taft's advice and fall in love before they marry.

Members of the United States senate possess great tenacity. Very few of them resign.

Jack Johnson is particular how he is managed. There is something human about Jack.

Calling a 200-pound woman Dolly is about as ridiculous as naming an English bulldog Fido.

It doesn't seem possible, but an eastern man succeeded in committing sucide with a safety razor.

Iowa primary election returns indicate that Uncle Joe Cannon is likely to form a poor opinion of that state.

We haven't come across any statistics showing that the anti-kissing society is having a remarkable growth.

"New York city has established a farm for drunkards." At what season of the year do they plant drunkards?

If the Japanese should discover the South Pole it is not probable that the mikado would go on the lecture platform.

If some people had the last three months of their lives to live over they would not let Halley's comet frighten them.

It is only fair to show some consideration for the June bridegrooms. But for them there would be no June brides.

Late reports from Germany are to the effect that Emperor William's royal boil is doing as well as could be expected.

No lazy man likes to loaf in a place where there is any danger of opportunity coming around and knocking at the door.

Theodore Roosevelt got his world-wide reputation by doing things. The idea of letting George do it never appealed to him.

The Copenhagen university professor who says that Dr. Cook is a faker seems to have the right idea, though it is not original.

The Socialists are in favor of abolishing the United States senate. If they are not careful they will do something that is popular.

President Taft turned his back on a congressman. Taking the President's expanse of back into consideration, that means something.

Now and then a man is found who has the courage to resign a government job and seek happiness among those who work for a living.

What are bloodhounds good for? We don't remember that they ever accomplished anything, except chase Eliza across the ice in fiction.

President Taft advises girl graduates not to marry without love. We hope they won't think he is old-fashioned for saying such a thing.

President Taft has accepted another college commencement invitation. No doubt he picks up considerable wisdom at these affairs.

Luther Burbank announces the perfection of two new flowers. Being called a humbug seems not to have discouraged the wizard.

Some argue that a man should never marry until he has good sense, and others think he never has good sense until after he is married.

An Indiana man swallowed a number of radish seeds and planted liver pills in his garden. The return to the soil movement has its drawbacks.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are to remain sacred within the borders of Texas. State officials will not permit a study of the hookworm.

An Illinois boy drank a gallon of water so that he would be heavy enough to enlist in the navy. If that isn't patriotism of the Star Spangled Banner variety, what is it?

A grain of rice which lodged in the ear of a bride ten years ago caused her death the other day. Old shoes are safer. It is not often that an old shoe lodges in the ear of the bride.

It is announced that a number of women are planning to start "a model newspaper." They don't seem to understand that a newspaper can't be a model until it has acquired the respectability that comes with age.

"What made him do it?" That is the cry of the daughter of Holtslaw, one of the Illinois legislative bribetakers. The way of the transgressor is hard, but the man who sins doesn't go more than half the suffering.

SHOULD HAVE GONE FARTHER.

A railroad president, in trying to show the slight relation that exists between freight rates and the cost of living, made this statement:

The Florida farmer receives $2.25 for a bushel of green beans, the railroad gets 50 cents for the 800-mile haul to New York, and the consumer pays $6.40 for this same bushel of beans. There is 35 per cent for theg rower, 8 per cent for the carrier, and 57 per cent for the dealer. This is not a fair division.

The Springfield Republican cites the case of the Florida orange grower who received fifty cents a box for his oranges. The transportation costs were fifty-five cents and the price paid by the consumer was $4 per box.

The government and the public are not adverse to the railroads raising their rates merely because of the additional expense to the shipper, but they are concerned greatly over the probable consequences of such an increase. The middleman is trained to take advantage where it appears. If a middleman has been making fifty per cent profit after all his costs are deducted and his risks weighed he will consider himself always entitled to the fifty per cent profit. That is human nature. When freight rates increase his costs, his prices automatically increase. And the worst of it is that the proportion is not maintained. Five per cent more in expenses easily becomes forty per cent more in prices.

If the railroad presidents who have studied the high cost of living, in order to prove how little they are responsible for them, would show us how to eliminate the process of doubling which goes on as foodstuffs pass from the hands of one middleman to another, they could raise rates as they pleased and discover little complaint.

A PROMOTER OF FRIENDSHIP

Professor Goldwin Smith, who died on June 7, used his pen and his voice to further the relations of friendliness between the United States and Canada. He believed that while remaining distinct as governments, they might be brought so closely together that their trade would be one and their sympathy with each other so fixed that no quarrel could ever bring them to the recourse of arms.

For several years there were signs that the wall of the frontier was becoming higher and wider. The short-sightedness of congress kept the countries apart where reciprocal trade agreements would have brought them nearer together. Under such treaties Canada would have had to continue dependent, as she once was, upon the manufactures of the United States. But with the barriers up the Dominion developed her own industries, built up her own trade, nourished her pride and her independence. She was able to assume a patronizing attitude toward this country while the tariff was under discussion, and undoubtedly she was the gainer in the controversy over the application of the maximum and minimum clause.

Yet Professor Smith was hopeful. He did not expect his faith or his prophecies to become realities in a day. We believe now there are straws which show the wind setting the other way. They are not very tangible, yet, if the restlessness in this country against the tariff upon trade with Canada, is an indication, the wall is coming down. Professor Smith's vision was not mere fancifulness.

A CASE OF LEARNING TO WALK.

Charles K. Hamilton tried for the distinction of being the only aeronaut in history who should attempt a flight upon the hour scheduled. He failed to gain that coveted honor. His gasoline tank proved too bulky for the space to which it had been assigned in the plans of the machine. The aeroplane was too awkward a shape to transport easily to the starting grounds. Then one of the spruce uprights was broken and parts of the equipment were thrown out of adjustment in the journey there. Hamilton found himself nervous and weary because of the loss of sleep during his preparations. To cap the climax the weather was bad!

Recall for a moment the beginning of automobiling. For pure perverseness there was nothing ever invented so contrary and aggravating as the early gasoline engines. A track race was like to finish somewhere about the third post, the motive power having gone upon a strike. Road races were uncertain affairs. They would start all right, but the crowds at a distance sometimes went home without having caught a glimpse of a car. The comic papers still print pictures of automobiles being dragged to country blacksmith shops by farmers' teams and other pictures of motorists sprawled beneath their cars. These are more the last echoes of that period of trial and experiment than they are reflections of present day realities.

There is no reason to think of the mishaps to aviation as threats against the progress of the art of flying. Invention will overcome the problems as it did those of the automobile—and probably far more quickly.

THE CONQUERING HERO.

Roosevelt will return home a more impressive figure than when he left. He lost nothing of the fondness in which his countrymen hold him in the course of his year in Africa. And so well has he acquitted himself in the hurrying weeks in Europe that he comes back a citizen of the world rather than the admired native.

With characteristic daring the former president invited the virulent hatred of the Nationalist party in Egypt and at the same time ran the danger of interfering with the politics of the English administrators who were then his hosts. The Vatican incident proved in the end of minor moment. In France the traveler took the liberty to discuss a favorite topic, that of race suicide, where the problem is most distressing. The speech upon war and the prospects for universal peace was an extremely practical consideration of conditions as they are, free from the usual mawkish flub-dub that ordinarily goes with the topic; and it was strengthened by a proposal of a way to solve the difficulty. In Berlin a most scholarly address was given, fully in tone with the assemblance of learning before him. England found Roosevelt up to the advance notices. He departed to the sound of applause.

The name of Roosevelt will be more prominent in the press for the next few months than it was throughout the African hunt and the tour through Europe—and that was no trifling period of publicity. What will he do? Or, rather, what will be say?

Each and every citizen in this land of freedom is entitled to a guess.

THE RICH MAN IN COURT.

There are not two sets of laws in this country, one for the rich man and one for the poor. It is more difficult to convict the rich man of wrong-doing than the poor. That is not a fault of the law, but of its administration.

The conviction of Charles R. Heicke and Ernest W. Gerbrocht for swindling the government out of customs fees for raw sugar by means of manipulation of the weighing machines, is expressive of that determination of the people to introduce the light of righteousness into the industrial structure of the nation. It will do more than a whole session of congressional legislation against the trusts to bring a halt to the conscienceless practices of a set of financiers. Not social ostracism, but the jail, is the remedy. Not fines and suits and oversight and nagging, but the bars of a cell are the great forces for morality in the realm of crooked business.

It is the theory of the state that law is framed for all alike. Such applications as those made in New York reduce the theory to one of absolute fact.

WALL STREET AND BUSINESS

The New York stock market weakened alarmingly upon the announcement that the government had enjoined the railroads against application of an increase in freight rates. When the President had prevailed upon the companies to withdraw the increased rates not brought under the blanket of the injunction, the market bobbed up again. In the course of a few days securities had passed through a range from dejection to elation.

The prospects for a large wheat yield this year are indicated by the contrast in the prices. July wheat a year ago was quoted at $1.19½. On Tuesday last it was 96½. The wheat corner has gone to pieces and the grain is now going into the mills. It is estimated that the increase in cotton acreage amounts to nearly 12 per cent larger than in the same period of 1909. The gross earnings of the railroads in the third week of May were 15.67 per cent better than in the same week a year ago. The reports of the mercantile agencies show trade to be brisk with more hopeful signs in sight as the weather becomes warmer and less uncertain. Upon the great lakes virtually all the ore steamers are in commission, and the package freighters are doing quite as well as they usually do at this part of the season. The clatter of steam riveters are to be heard for miles around all the inland shipyards.

The stock market is one of the poorest of meters of the state of business.

A PROFESSOR INTERVENES.

A rubber company, promoted twenty years ago, declared a dividend of 80 per cent, the first return made upon the investment. The distribution taken in connection with a sharp rise in the price of rubber and an increase in the demand due to the automobile industry brought about an immense boom in London. The financial district for months has devoted itself almost entirely to handling orders for rubber company stocks. The warnings of financiers, of rubber experts and the quoting of the history of the South African gold companies and the South Sea trading companies failed to dampen the eagerness of the investors to get their money down.

A hint of the final story of the rubber boom may be discovered in this paragraph, taken from the report of the American consular agent at Birmingham, England:

> There is quite a stir among the directors of leading rubber importing and manufacturing firms here regarding the reported invention of artificial rubber by a German professor at Kiel, and they seem to be very optimistic, as the inventor enjoys an unquestioned reputation as an authority on all matters pertaining to rubber. The invention is based on the boiling together, under certain conditions, of isoprem with acetic acid, in a closed tube, the result being the creation of a gray composite possessing all the properties of pure rubber and capable of being vulcanized in the same manner as gutta-percha. At present this artificial rubber has been produced only in small quantities, but it is the inventor's opinion that when his method has been fully developed it will permit of the placing on the market of an article at one-third the cost of real rubber. Practical experiments in this branch of chemistry have advanced so rapidly that there can be no doubt that within a few years an artificial substance will be produced which will bring down the inflated price of rubber.

Again, necessity is a mother.

NOT A PARALLEL CASE

Among those with a weakness for worrying about national tendencies there is a fascination in the comparison of the greatness that was Rome's with the fast increasing wealth of the United States. They predict such a fall as Rome experienced, and, since it is the way of prophets to become attached to their forecasts, they betray a regret that they are not to live to behold the day of decay.

After these rain crows, it is refreshing to read how Theodore Roosevelt considers the parallel between the might of Rome and that of the great nations of today. In the course of his address at Oxford he said:

> Rome fell by attack from without only because the ills within her own borders had grown incurable. What is true of your country, my hearers, is true of my own; while we should be vigilant against foes from without, yet we need never really fear them so long as we safeguard ourselves against the enemies within our own households; and these enemies are our own passions and follies. Free peoples can escape being mastered by others only by being able to master themselves.

In many ways, perhaps, the luxury of today exceeds anything conceived of in Rome. But while the few seek their pleasure in the invention of luxuries there are many thousands who find delight in the simple ways of life. While many may be weakened by luxury thousands of others are made strong by right and cleanly living. The "passions and follies" are more than offset by the good sense and strength that are the possessions of those who make the true pattern for our country.

AIRSHIPS AND THE TARIFF.

When next the tariff is revised it will, in every likelihood, be for the purpose of adjusting the laws to the conditions brought about by aerial navigation.

The secretary of state, in discussing the governmental problems suggested by the recent flights of the aeronauts, thought that smuggling might be prevented by the institution of a thorough system of surveillance. He would have each airship and aeroplane registered and strict watch kept upon their comings and goings. His idea would be a bright one in Russia, perhaps, where every man is under the eye of authority and where every man hesitates to trust his neighbor lest he be confiding in a spy. But surveillance of the sort would not be tolerated in this country. If anything could make a smuggler of a man more than anything else it would be an attitude of suspicion. A flying machine owner would make a smuggling trip just to show the federal police in what contempt he held them and their snooping.

An aeroplane could carry from one to three or four hundred pounds of valuable goods across the frontier between Canada and the United States upon a dark night and it would be a very shrewd or a very lucky detective who would catch him in the act. Multiply one machine so journeying by many hundred and it is easy to see in what confusion the tariff law would fall.

There would be nothing else for congress to do except revise the tariff so that duty would be charged only on the heaviest of material, such as print paper, coal, iron and lumber.

INSURGENTS AS STEAM ROLLERS.

Iowa, if not the home of Republican insurgency, is at least its childhood home. The state was in the temper for revolution when Victor Murdock first rose and told what he and his friends back in Kansas thought of the Cannon machine. Iowans fell in joyfully behind the Jayhawkers. Today it is a question whether Kansas or Iowa leads the insurgent movement.

The Iowa primaries show the strength of the insurgent movement out there. Only three stand-pat candidates for congress passed through the ordeal. The most telling blow fell upon Captain J. A. T. Hull, who has represented the Des Moines district for 20 years. He has been an ideal congressman for the old school. He went after things for his district and obtained them—public buildings, river improvement appropriations, pensions and jobs. As chairman of the committee on military affairs he saw that young men of his six counties obtained commissions in the army and that other young men got out of the army when the service palled upon them. During the Spanish war and the Philippine campaign the demands upon Hull were large and the Hull influence waxed. Iowa would have voted for a conscript army then had Hull suggested it. Times changed, but Hull didn't. So Washington will not know him after this congress.

The results in Iowa are fair tests of the insurgent cause between the Mississippi and the Pacific states. The "regulars" are very likely to evacuate the section.

THE HOPES FOR THE MAYAS.

The Yaqui Indians have been able to fight the soldiers of Mexico and to keep back the tide of settlement in their corner of the republic. But they have natural advantages which the Mayas of Yucatan have not. They delight in fighting where the Mayas, as a more peaceful race, may be expected to tire early. They have a country of wild passes, secret ways, rocks and fastnesses to which they can retire when closely pursued. In Yucatan, it is said that indentured laborers who run away are not sought for, since they must come back because the sources of food and water are in the cities and villages or upon the plantations.

If the Mayas are the descendants of those who builded the mysterious temples of Yucatan, their descent is also degeneracy. They are not a savage people rising, but a decaying folk driven to revolution as a last resort against persecution. Their stand is more pitiful than hopeful. The Mexican soldiery will probably make short work of them and may also capture the whites who are said to be leading the Indians. Back of the uprising is the anti-Diaz politics. The Mayas, though they lose, may still have done something for Mexico if their rebellion makes it incumbent on the government to halt the labor scandals of the fibre plantations.

THE PRESIDENT AND RAILROADS

When the railroads proceeded to raise their freight rates wherever they could without bringing themselves into contempt for defying an injunction, they were giving expression to the resentment which the powerful always feel toward those who question their power. They have had their own, or nearly their own way, for 50 years. To be balked in an hour when they were making the most of their strength was aggravating. So—though they could not take all that they reached for—they took as much as they could.

President Taft has won a notable victory in convincing the railroads of the futility of their course. At the same time he has saved the shippers many millions of dollars and more millions still for the people who—in the end—always pay the freight. Even though the interstate commerce commission should decide that the railroads are justified in raising their tariff the lower rates will prevail until the adjustment is made, which may not be for many months.

It is one thing to play the Caesar and another to have folk bow down. The railroads were swift to learn that there are still left a large number of stiff-necked people in this republic.

Commander Peary has been sued for $10,000 for bearskins and other polar products he is alleged to have taken. He couldn't ask for any better advertising for his North Pole lecture.

To have the courage of one's convictions is often an excuse for being obstinate.

"Victory lies ahead of the Democratic party," says a congressman. This sounds like that old prediction which says, "if the election were to be held tomorrow," etc.

The husband of a Massachusetts woman who kept thirty-two cats was granted a divorce recently. Thirty-two cats ought to be good grounds for divorce in any family.

After Mr. Roosevelt has arrived home people will naturally begin to wonder what he is going to do next. The astrologers don't seem to know anything about it.

It has been predicted that the increased cost of raw cotton will shorten the nightgown. Let us hope that this is the unwarranted fear of a confirmed pessimist.

Jim Jeffries announces that he is going to fight Johnson to satisfy the public. Incidentally, however, he expects to get some pleasure out of the contest.

An Ohio girl fell in love with a Chicago Chinaman while doing mission work in that city. Sending girls to the Chicago mission field is dangerous.

Oklahoma is passing through the throes of a state capital campaign and landgrabbing has become a vigorous outdoor sport in that state.

It is only occasionally that the chaplains of congress get any attention in the newspapers, yet congress has to be prayed for every day.

Wilbur Wright believes in flying with the wind. That looks reasonable, even to the man who has never done any aviating.

Kentucky has adopted electrocution, but lynching may still be practiced in some of the old-fashioned communities.

People may all be crazy 265 years hence, as a Boston alienist says, but it is not probable they will admit it.

Going back to the soil is all right in fair weather, and when everything is growing.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE STORY-TELLER BY THE SEA

International Sunday School Lesson for June 19 Is "The Parable of the Sower." Matt. 13:1-9, 18-23.

By William T. Ellis.

The story-teller has been hustled from our times, and the retailer of after-dinner witticisms has taken his place. Even the children's bed-time story is often crowded out by the press of a hurried social life. But the east still has time for stories, told with leisurely discursiveness and fullness. As I write there arises before me the recollection of a village in the mountains of northern Japan, and the story-teller sitting as the center of an attentive group of adults, the dim light of paper lanterns reflected from their alert eyes; while the narrator's companion accented certain points of the tale with a vigorous thrumming of the samisen.

The Orient, with its love of a story, of imagery and of the play of fancy, contributed the audience to which Jesus told stories by Galilee's shore. This oriental Bible of ours is full of the pictures which mirror the life amid which it was enacted and written. These people love an illustration better than an argument. So Jesus spoke to them in parables,—"earthly stories with heavenly meanings."

The Boat Pulpit.

This day's stories, which will occupy the attention of the Sunday schools for three successive weeks, were told t oa crowd gathered on the shore of Galilee. The Story-Teller sat in a boat out on the lake; pulpit, people and place all aided to a natural and easy telling of stories that touched the life of the everyday folk. Is it any wonder that the stories have come down through the centuries redolent of the very air of Galilee?

The tales of Jesus are the best known stories in existence. They are more familiar than the immortal episodes from the Arabian Nights. Aesop's fables have no such constituency. The Greek mythology, and the folk-lore of every nation, may not be compared with these in point of popularity or otherwise. The widespread favor in which these stories are held is an indirect evidence of the influence which the teachings of Jesus have upon the world. It was in fulfillment of prophecy that the Master spoke thus:

> "I will open my mouth in parables;
> I will utter things hidden from
> the foundation of the world."

Sublimest truths may wear simplest guise. The homely parable may cover the wisdom of the greater philosopher.

Lessons From Life.

One wonders what the consummate Master of the art of using life's everydayness for highest ends would say were He to speak again in the age of airships, electricity, wireless telegraphy, phonographs and crowded newspapers. Surely he would freight the machinery of our material civilization with spiritual messages. He would set an example to all the blundering teachers who are going to musty commentaries when the real world is thrilling and throbbing all about them. The peerless teacher was content to paint truth's portrait with the materials nearest at hand. He did not send to foreign parts for feathers for His arrows of wisdom.

From the gently rocking boat, lapped by little waves that could be heard, so great was the silence of the crowd, He looked out toward the hillside where a farmer sowed. Perhaps it was from an actual occurrence then before his eyes that He drew the wonderful parable of the sower. He caught in that most commonplace act a beautiful symbol. He saw the spiritual significance of the little, ordinary things. "What a privilege to travel," cry the stay-at-homes. That depends. The real privilege is to have seeing eyes. Thousands travel afar and see nothing; another sees so much in his own village that the world throngs to his feet. It is all a question of eyes or no eyes. How Jesus must have enjoyed the world in which He lived!

Everything a Parable.

The suburbanite who rushes daily for his train sees no meaning in the tragic partings at the railway station; nor in the big-eyed immigrants; nor in the bridal parties; nor in the wondering boy fresh from the country. Well may we all pray for seeing eyes, that we may behold what is worth while in life. The blight is upon us of observing the latest fashions in clothes and coiffure, but of being blind to the old, old fashions in human hearts.

The gift of discernment is the first qualification for teaching. It is more important than a head full of facts and imported lore. Jesus made it a religious duty, with his call to "consider the lilies," and to consider life, to catch the depth and meaning of things. Learn to brood. Mull over what has happened. Search out the springs of human interest. Yes, and find a well within the breast of self, to satisfy when other waters fail. The contemplative, self-resourceful person is brother to all the world.

The stories Jesus told were true to life. Therein they lacked the flavor of much modern illustrative material. They stood the test of the hearers' intimate acquaintance with the facts. The original was at hand, to prove the reproduction. There at the backs of the crowd, as Jesus spoke, was the sower with his grain bag over his shoulder; the beaten wayside path, in lieu of a fence; underneath all was the rock—here a rock or rocks, but the substratum of rock which underlies the region; and the thorns had left the proof of their presence upon the bare legs of nearly every hearer. About all was the rich and productive "good ground." All who heard it understood and appreciated the facts of the parable; for those hearers lived close to the soil.

Parables were used both to conceal and to make plain the truth. These people thought that they understood the Master because He was talking about farming. With respect to the deeper meaning they were in the plight pictured by Isaiah,

> "By hearing ye shall hear, and shall
> in no wise understand;
> And seeing ye shall see, and shall
> in no wise perceive:
> For this people's heart is waxed
> gross,
> And their ears are dull of hearing,
> And their eyes they have closed."

The friends of Jesus have a peculiar privilege. It is said to the disciples: "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." They who are closest to the heart of Christ best understand the mind of Christ. Discipleship is the way to knowledge. Mere wisdom is no guaranty of spiritual perception.

> "Blind unbelief is sure to err,
> And scan his work in vain;
> God is His own interpreter,
> And He will make it plain."

There are many peculiar rewards of friendship with Jesus, but none greater than this one of mutual understanding with Him. His sheep know His voice.

Just as a husband or wife, or other good friends, catch a meaning in a look or a phrase which strangers cannot fathom, so the intimates of Christ can read His purposes where all is dark to others.

The Crop of Character.

As explained to those who had His confidence, the parable of the sower represented the field of the human heart. It was one more of those miniature portraits of life, such as Jesus delighted to draw, fitted everybody everywhere at all times. God cares for the fields of earth, but He cares most for the field which is the human heart, and the crop which is character.

The seed is the word. What a history is wrapped up in that short sentence. The sowing of the word of God has begotten harvests that have overturned empires, transformed peoples, created different civilizations, and made the world new. At least once a year the preacher and Sunday school teacher should explain the importance of the Bible to civilization and character. President Taft told the great Sunday school crowd in Washington a few weeks ago that all teaching is vain without this. No nation that has ever had the word of God open to all the people has ever relapsed into barbarism. At the Washington convention there was a huge pyramid of Bibles, and on the top of it a lighted globe: the support and foundation of an enlightened world is the Book of God.

Some seed falls, ran the parable, on wayside soil, not receptive or fit for growing. Pity the hearts over which the world's traffic and dreary pleasure-seeking have been permitted to trudge unheeding, unspiritual lives—what a profitless lot is theirs!

Next came the soil without depth, the shallow lives, quick to follow each new impulse, but with no steadfastness of purpose or fruitage. There is more shallowness than sin in the world. The vacuity of countless characters is a tragedy of barrenness and joylessness. People who mean nothing much for either good or evil are a host.

Then the teacher portrayed the overcrowded life—the thorn-infested field; the care-filled character. Life, like a landscape, needs open spaces. The sweeping survey should mull over the meaning of the third sort of planting.

But after all and after all, most of the sower's soil was good, and brought forth varying degrees of harvest. The only question then left is, how many fold should my life produce?

Lighthouse for Aerial Navigation.

Weekly Consular and Trade Reports.

For several months there has been discussion in Germany regarding the best methods for enabling aerial travelers to establish with certainty their location after nightfall and in foggy weather. Numerous plans have been proposed for a systematic network of signal stations to cover the entire empire. While no one system has yet received official or professional sanction, an initial step in this important matter has already been taken at the town of Spandau in Prussia, where an aerial lighthouse is now in full activity. The necessity of such a construction has been felt more particularly at this point, where the experiments of the German war office with aerial craft are largely conducted and nocturnal flights are increasingly frequent.

This pioneer beacon for aerial guidance is comparatively simple in its construction. It consists of an elevated support on which rests in a horizontal position a wooden ring of considerable diameter; 38 powerful incandescent electric lights are placed at equal distance about the circumference, and there is an automatic arrangement for interrupting the current at regular intervals for a short period.

The location of Spandau is thus clearly indicated to a traveler passing over the place by a large, luminous circle alternately disappearing and reappearing. While this device answers admirably for the needs of aeronauts during the night it is of little or no use when fog prevails at any time. For such contingencies it will be necessary to install a siren or similar apparatus.

Evolution of Man.

John Fiske.

Man is slowly passing from a primitive social state, in which he was a little better than a brute, toward an ultimate social state, in which his character shall have become so transformed that nothing of the brute can be detected in it. The ape and the tiger in human nature will become extinct. Theology has had much to say about original sin. This original sin is neither more nor less than the brute inheritance which every man carries with him; and the process of evolution is an advance toward true salvation. Fresh value is thus added to human life. The modern prophet, employing the methods of science, may again proclaim that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Work ye, therefore, early and late to prepare its coming.

A Crisis in Roosevelt's Life

Edward Marshall in the Columbian Magazine.

ALMOST immediately after he became police commissioner of New York city, while he was still disconcerting blue-coated men on beat (or off beat when they should have been on beat) some enterprising manufacturer of novelties for street peddlers saw possibilities in the Roosevelt teeth, then just becoming famous. The Roosevelt teeth are large, and at that time their owner had not entirely recovered from the nervous sickness which is responsible for his habit of snapping back his lips from them. That habit, still remaining (it is a mere habit now), is the sole existent relic of the colonel's greatest victory—his triumph over illness, which, in his young manhood, threatened his career and would have wrecked it had he been a man of less determination. Sturdy as he is today, many have forgotten that in youth he was nervous—almost a weakling. His body wished to waste away; he forced it to grow strong in the hard years he put in in the cattle country. When he first became police commissioner he snapped his lips back oftener even than he does today, and writers and cartoonists were quick to seize upon the striking mannerism, as they are to seize upon that characteristic of any man in public life which may most easily be ridiculed.

The manufacturer of faker's goods gave a rush order to some factory and placed on sale, one day, in New York city, thousands of sets of "Teddy teeth." They were of wood, of mighty size, like little tombstones in a double row, bared by the grin of tensely-drawn red wooden lips. Behind them was a sort of handle, to be gripped in the irreverent mouth of him who bought the teeth. The ghastly toy succeeded instantly upon the streets of New York city, and the first day the fakers had them on their trays five thousand sets were sold; but "Teddy teeth," so far as Roosevelt knew, were unconceived and non-existent when he went into police headquarters, at No. 300 Mulberry street, on the morning of that day.

When he came down the steps that afternoon a dozen urchins stood upon the sidewalk with their mouths full of the teeth. From every side they grinned at him. And down the street were more and everywhere in town, although he did not know it yet, were more and more and more.

Across the street the windows of the newspapers' branch offices were full of reportorial faces, a group of writers watched from steps and sidewalks—all much amused and waiting for his wrath. It was the general impression in New York, at that time, that Roosevelt, as police commissioner, was a joke, and, worse, a joke who could not take one. If he had lost his temper at the sight of all those "Teddy teeth" he might have been just what so many thought he was and stayed just that, for the next morning would have seen a hail of ridicule aimed at him; but he did not. For an instant he paused upon the steps, amazed, quite stunned, his face a blank of absolute astonishment. Then, slowly, at first hesitatingly, began an exhibition of the actual Teddy teeth which made the glitter of the false ones seem but weak and puny. Roosevelt had won a really great victory against the shaft of ridicule, the weapon which might well have ended his career. Notoriously hot-tempered on occasion, he did not lose his temper then, but laughed, instead, with the whole town, at the grotesque joke upon himself. It was a moment psychological. His laughter won the spectator reporters, among whom he badly needed friends. The fact that he had laughed at "Teddy teeth" undoubtedly did much to nullify the fierce campaign of ridicule which his enemies were waging at the time against him. That moment, on police headquarters steps, marked a mighty crisis in his life, well met, although it is quite likely that he did not know it then and since has utterly forgotten the whole episode.

The Edge of Things

Lippincott's Magazine.

A Washington car conductor, born in London and still a cockney, has succeeded in extracting thrills from the alphabet—imparting excitement to the names of the national capital's streets. On a recent Sunday morning he was calling the streets thus:

"Haltch!"
"High!"
"Jay!"
"Kay!"
"Hell!"

At this point three prim ladies picked up their prayerbooks and left the car.

Kansas City Star.

Senator Overman said the other day of a defeated bill:

"It deserved to be defeated. It was as irregular as the Tin Can poker game.

"A man, describing the game, said:

"'One-eyed Bones, on my right, held four kinds and an ace. Two-fingered Schermerhorn, on my left, held four aces and a king.'

"'And you—what did you hold?' some one asked excitedly.

"'I, being the coroner, held the inquest,' was the reply."

Springfield Republican.

An Englishman and an Irishman were having an argument on the subject of Shakespeare. "I defy you," said the former, "to find a single Irish character in the whole of his works.

"Well, I can give you two, at all events," replied the Irishman—"Miss O'Phelia and Corry O'Lanus."

He forgot Hamlet's intimate friend who stood beside him while he was contemplating his uncle in devotion, and observed, "Now could I do it, Pat, while he is praying?"

Denver Post.

K. M. Wharry was telling some friends about a proposed fishing trip to a lake in Colorado he had in contemplation.

"Are there any trout out there?" asked one friend.

"Thousands of 'em," replied Mr. Wharry.

"Will they bite easily?" asked another friend.

"Will they?" said Mr. Wharry, "why they're absolutely vicious. A man has to hide behind a tree to bait a hook."

Louisville Times.

Col. W. P. Brownlow, secretary of the National Soldiers' home, said at a dinner in Brownsville, Tenn.:

"They are great wags, the old soldiers in our Johnson City home. I heard one of them describe the other day a very fierce and famous action. Two hundred men had been pitted against 300, and after the fighting only 60 brave fellows—30 on each side—remained alive.

"The old soldier paused solemnly.

"'Of that 60, boys,' he said, "there only survive today"——

"Overcome, he blew his nose violently.

"'There only survive today, by actual statistics, 417.'"

Rochester Evening News.

A Manchester, England, clergyman once displayed his prowess in the same way as the minister of Corstorphine, who recently knocked a footpad senseless. Bishop Fraser wrote to the fighting parson a letter of reproof, pointing out (among other things) that, exposed as the Church of England was to much criticism on all hands, her ministers ought to be very careful in their demeanor. The offender replied by saying: "I must regretfully admit that, being grossly insulted and forgetting in the heat of the moment the critical position of the Church of England, I did not knock the man down." Fraser, according to Ambassador Bryce, who tells the story, possessed more than the average bishop's share of humor, and was so delighted at this turning of the tables that he invited the clergyman to dine with him.

Boston Traveler.

The butler of a Scottish laird, who had been in the family for many years, resigned his place, complaining that his lordship's wife was always scolding him.

"If that's all you have to complain of," said his master, "you have little excuse for leaving."

"I'm not going to put up with it any longer, was the answer.

"Go, then," said the laird, sighing, "and be thankful all the days of your life that you are not married to her."

Chicago Tribune.

"Colonel, that was an admirable speech you made at the club the other evening on the obligations of citizenship. I've been intending to tell you so ever since I heard it. We need more of that kind of talk nowadays. But what are you looking so gloomy about this morning, Colonel? No bad news, I hope?"

"Dash it all, I've been drawn on a furr!"

Varieties

In the month of May there were suicides in Philadelphia.

Some 50,000 cancer experiments are made every year in England.

The use of autos saves the British postal service $300,000 a year.

In the matter of density of population, Paris and Berlin lead all other European cities.

Sugar beets planted in Europe this year show an increase in number of 10.7 per cent over 1909.

Charley No Shirt is the name of the chief of the Walla Walla Indians on the Umatilla reservation.

The number of wireless stations on the coasts of the maritime nations of the world is placed at 418.

An Englishman 30 years old may expect 33 years 2 months more of life; a woman 34 years 1 month.

"Walk slowly! Eat less," are Sir William Osler's directions for middle-aged persons who want to live long.

The turn-over in all lines at the big Nijni-Novgorod fair in Russia was estimated to amount to $250,000,000.

Japan's postal service is the cheapest in the world. Letters travel for one sen—about seven-tenths of a penny.

It is estimated that more than 4,000 cars will be required to market this year's $2,000,000 peach crop of Georgia.

There are about 275,000 automobiles owned by individuals in the United States, or one for every 400 population.

The first mayor of New York, Thomas Willett, sleeps in the Little Neck (R. I.) cemetery, and his grave is now elected.

A French-German dictionary has been recently issued from Vienna printed in Braille type, for the use of the blind.

For every person who dies in a year there are two people constantly born. Each person loses, on an average, 12 days a year by illness.

Ten thousand French wines yield nearly 400 gallons of wine a year. The same number of vines in Cape Colony will produce 2,800 gallons.

The blue geese, which have been considered as mythical birds by many, have been found in large flocks in remote regions of the south.

A man in North Carolina was fined $100 for driving cattle through quarantine on account of fever into a county outside quarantined area.

Of the 282 steamships which carry steerage passengers across the Atlantic during the first half of 1908, 144 were equipped with wireless instruments.

It has been estimated that we of the United States consume 700,000,000,000 matches annually and that ours is the larger match bill than any other nation's.

Grasshoppers have their organs of hearing at the base of the abdomen, that is, at the same place where the corresponding organ of the noctuida has been discovered.

The largest college fraternity in the country is the Phi Delta Theta, with the Delta Kappa Epsilon a close second. Beta Theta Pi is third. The membership of each is about 17,000.

It is contemplated to establish wireless telegraph stations in German East Africa, Togoland, Kamerun and German Southwest Africa, and also between the different South sea colonies.

The gun carriage that has been used for carrying the coffins of both Victoria and Edward VII. will be more than ever an object of popular interest in the courtyard of the Tower of London.

Thirteen million cartridges were the result of 11 years of shooting by the members of a gun club, have been gathered into a huge pile by one of the leading sporting organizations of England.

One life lost for every 1,440,000 passengers carried is the record on steam passenger vessels for 1908, according to the annual report of the United States steamboat inspection service, which has just been made public.

King Albert, the new monarch of Belgium, devotes two hours every day to the study of mechanical engineering. He dives his own automobile and, what is more, he can repair it when anything gets out of order.

On account of the magnetic quality of the hull and the ore which comprises the cargo, many of the vessels of the lake fleet experience great trouble in navigation owing to the influence of the metal hull and the cargo on the compass.

The elevators of a bank building in Pittsburg, have been provided with electric lights to illuminate the floor at the doorway so that passengers entering or leaving the cars know exactly the position of the foundation they are about to step upon.

From Vienna Consul-General Dee writes: "The Austrians probably use higher average quantity of meat than any other people in the world, except, perhaps, the Russians, and these two nations prepare their tea for drinking in a more intelligent way than others."

Canada has lost one title to fame. Its smallest man, and one of the smallest in the world, Edward Farrell, thirty-eight years old, died recently in his home in Nova Scotia village. His height was two feet nine inches and he weighed 30 pounds.

The number of suicides among the students in Russian schools has increased to such an extraordinary extent, says the Russische Korrespondenz, that Professor Schwartz, the minister of education, making a searching investigation with a view to ascertaining the cause."

After satisfying his notion that he could eat beer glasses and similar articles, Frank Granholm died at his home, near Marsfield, Ore. While drinking, he ate some glass, and died after contracting pneumonia, which, with the glass, caused his death.

One of the newest wave power motors, the invention of a Californian, consists of a small truck running on a track with a broad tail. The waves strike the tail, push the truck up the track, and compress air in a tank with a piston on the head of the truck.

According to Consul-General Diederich of Antwerp, Germany's diamond mines in Africa are very profitable and the fatherland stands a good chance of having a well-funded eventually, with handsome interest, the money spent for the construction and improvement of the colony. The amount is estimated at $50,000,000 or $60,000,000.

The earthquake of two weeks ago has increased the water supply of Corona, Cal. The Temescal

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2785—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist, cotton or silk crepe, plain or flowered challis, nainsook or batiste may all be used for this attractive waist. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3053—Ladies' Shirt-Waist, closing at left side of front. A neat model for every-day wear, developed in chambray, gingham, linen or Persian or Victoria lawn. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3303—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with permanent turn-down collar, and knickerbockers. This will be found to be a good model for wash fabrics. 3 sizes—2 to 6 years.

2361—Child's One-Piece Dress, in Bishop Style. Persian lawn, batiste, thin China silk or organdie are all adaptable for this little frock. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

3299—Ladies' Four-Gored Skirt, in short-sweep or floor length. A well-fitting skirt will be found in this model, which will develop well in any material desired. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2910—Ladies' Four-Gored Skirt, closing at left side of back. Cheviot, serge, mohair or brilliantine may all be used for this skirt. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2065—Ladies' Kimono Dressing Sack. A dainty model for plain, striped or flowered dimity, flannelette or crepe cloth. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1911—Child's Round-Yoked Dress, with Long or Short Sleeves. Any light weight material will develop effectively in this model. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2195—Ladies' Work Apron. Blue and white checked gingham, bound with plain blue color, was used for this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

3298—Ladies' Coat. Any of the season's suitings will make up well in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3332—Ladies' Shirt Waist with removable chemisette. Any material desired may be used for this waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3039—Ladies' Yoke Shirt Waist. Linen, madras or lawn are good materials for this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2583—Girls' and Child's Russian Dress, closing at left side of front. A neat little model is here shown which is adaptable to duck, chambray, gingham or lawn. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

3319—Boys' Suit, consisting of a blouse slipped on over the head and knickerbockers. Chambray would be best suited to this model. 3 sizes—2 to 4 years.

2972—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt. Voile in any desired shade will make up well in this style. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

3163—Misses' and Girls' One-Piece Plaited Skirt. This is a good model for serge, shepherd's plaid or linen. 4 sizes—12 to 18 years.

2650—Boys' Blouse or Shirt-Blouse with back yoke facing and with or without permanent turn-down collar. Any wash material may be used for this blouse. 6 sizes—5 to 15 years.

2006—Men's and Boys' Outing or Negligee Shirt, with or without permanent collar. Any of the summer shirtings will develop to advantage in this model. 9 sizes—12½ to 17 in. neck.

3164—Ladies' House Gown. A comfortable model for the warm weather developed in lawn or gingham. 4 sizes—32 to 44.

3326-3328—Ladies' Costume. The models 3326 and 3328 are most attractively developed in any of the spring materials. The waist is cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes, 22 to 32. Price of each pattern 10 cents.

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INDIANS FORCED BACK

Federal Troops Take Yucatan Stronghold.

Mexico City, June 11.—Valladolid, the stronghold of the Indian insurrection in Yucatan, was captured by federal troops yesterday, according to telegrams received last night from Merida. The rebels were driven from the town to the mountains, hotly pursued.

Many dead and wounded were abandoned in the flight and many prisoners were taken by the government forces, among them Nicolas Soza, ringleader of the insurgents, who was wounded. In the fighting, 20 of the National Guard were killed and a number wounded. The attack was led by Col. Lara, whose men carried with them two rapid fire guns.

After the skirmish of Thursday, when the Indians were dislodged from their trenches, the government troops camped within gunshot of town and followed up their advantage at daybreak. The National Guard of Merida, to the number of 1,200, opened the engagement before daybreak. In three hours they had taken the plaza of San Juan, in the outskirts of Valladolid. The troops were reenforced by 600 federal soldiers under Col. Luque and the fighting continued until the town was captured.

Vera Cruz, June 11.—Passengers arriving yesterday on a steamer, which touched at Progreso, Yucatan, Thursday, say that many influential persons were involved in the uprising at Valladolid. The avowed intention of the insurgents, it was stated, was to take Merida, capital of Yucatan and to relieve friends who are said to be imprisoned for political offenses. The insurgents enrolled Indian laborers from plantations and were well armed, according to the incoming passengers.

80 KILLED BY BRIGANDS

Victoria, B. C., June 11.—Eighty Chinese otter hunters were slaughtered by brigands near Manchuli, on the Russian-Chinese frontier, May 19, according to advices received here today. The Chinese had taken a thousand otter skins when the brigands attacked them, killing most of the hunter and making away with the stock of skins.

DOLLIVER STICKS

Declares He Is Making His Fight for True Republicanism.

Washington, June 13.—"When it is said that I fight against the Republican party I deny it; I fight for the party." This was the keynote of Senator Dolliver's speech in the senate today, made in continuation of the debate in connection with the Sundry civil appropriation of $250,000 to enable the President to collect information concerning the operation of the present tariff law.

The speech was the reply of "insurgent" senators to the charges of party disloyalty. Frequent reference was made to the President's name and speeches. Mr. Dolliver declared there was no longer any freedom of conscience such as had once made the Republican party strong. Telling how he had supported President Taft's candidacy Mr. Dolliver added:

"I never dreamed that within a little more than a year I would be called upon to defend myself and the little group of men with whom I stand against the charge of taking seriously the President's speeches and the party's platform pledges."

He exclaimed that he had no intention of leaving the Republican party and would continue to defend his position and the interests of the people.

"The President is in error," said Mr. Dolliver. "It is not necessary for men to swallow every tariff bill that is set before them and it will be difficult to get me out on such a charge. It cannot be done by lying about me or calling me names, such as free trader or Democrat. Least of all can it be done by taking from my neck the millstone of political patronage. I share the universal disgust of making a great executive department the headquarters of the awkward squad of politics."

Mr. Dolliver said he was not boasting that he could "live through a warfare in which so many have perished." He added that he "must either submit, or quit, or fight." He said that the Republican platform did not promise downward revision of the tariff, but that if it had, the promise could easily have been complied with by reducing articles protected by patents or controlled by an international trust. "Then the tariff bill could have been defended plausibly," said Mr. Dolliver, "just as it was at Winona, when the President presented a grotsque table of reductions prepared by a paymaster in the army."

During his speech Mr. Dolliver referred to the "two great hoaxes of the past year, the discovery of the North Pole by Dr. Cook, and the revision of the tariff downward by Senator Aldrich." This was greeted with general laughter.

CANADA WANTS TRADE TREATY

Negotiations May Not Begin Until Autumn.

Washington, June 10.—The Canadian government has indicated to the secretary of state its desire to take up as early as possible the subject of the negotiation of a trade treaty with the United States. Formal action, however, may be delayed until next autumn, because of the anticipated absence of Finance Minister Fielding and Customs Minister Patterson.

PASSENGER FARES STAY UP

No Changes Made in Recent New York Increases.

Washington, June 9.—Increases in commutation passenger fares made recently by the railway lines operating out of New York city will not be affected by the verbal agreement reached by the railway officials and President Taft. This announcement was made Thursday at the offices of the interstate commerce commission.

LAST WORDS ARE SAID

Briefs in Ballinger Case Are Presented.

Washington, June 13.—Briefs were filed by the attorneys for the "prosecution" and "defense" with the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee today. The committee did not meet today, but will assemble next Saturday to prepare for its deliberations.

Attorney Brandeis, counsel for former Special Agent Glavis, and Attorney Pepper, counsel for former Forester Pinchot, contend in their briefs that the evidence adduced during the investigation has shown that Secretary Ballinger is unfit to administer the affairs of the public domaine because of an obvious leaning toward a policy of distribution instead of conservation of the people's land. They condemn his attitude toward the champions of conservation, and charge him with causing embarrasssment to the President and loss to the people.

Equally insistent that Mr. Ballinger's actions, in and out of the interior department, have not been open to criticism, Attorney Vertrees, counsel for the secretary, declares that none of the accusations made against him has been sustained by presentation of fact. Mr. Vertrees' attempts to show by the evidence that there has been a conspiracy afoot to secure Mr. Ballinger's removal from office because he did not approve of the so-called "Garfield policies."

STEWART M. BRICE DEAD

Son of Lima Statesman Passes Away in an Asylum.

New York, June 10.—Stewart M. Brice, son of the late U. S. Senator Calvin S. Brice, of Lima, Ohio, died last night in an insane asylum at Avon, N. J., where he had been since 1908.

Stewart Brice graduated from Harvard in 1893 and made a long foreign tour. It was planned that he would take up his father's railroad business when he returned. While abroad Brice fell in with Richard Croker and the latter told him to go back to New York and get into politics. This he did, being given the nomination for alderman by Tammany in a solid Republican district.

Brice made a brilliant campaign, and won. He was made a member of the general committee of Tammany hall. When the war with Spain broke out he was given a commission in Cuba.

After the war Brice became interested in gold mining and in 1906 married Mrs. Catharine Mount, of Indianapolis. Two years later his brothers and sisters brought an action, and he was declared insane.

The funeral will take place tomorrow from the home of his brother, W. Kirkpatrick Brice in New York City. The body will be sent to Lima, Ohio, for cremation.

No Matter

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CONFEDERATE STATUE

Daughters of the Southland Honor Memory of Soldiers Buried in North.

Sandusky, June 8.—With ceremony simple, though beautiful and impressive, the monument erected by Robert Patton chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Cincinnati, to the memory of 206 southern soldiers whose remains repose in the little federal prison cemetery on Johnson's Island, in Sandusky bay, three miles northeast of this city, was unveiled and dedicated Wednesday morning.

The statue occupies a position on the shore of Sandusky bay near the entrance of the island cemetery, and faces to the south. It represents a Confederate soldier in uniform. The right hand clutches a musket, the stock of which rests on the ground. The left hand is raised to the forehead, shading the eyes, and the figure seems to be peering to the far distance, toward the southland.

The statue rests on a pedestal constructed of South Carolina marble, upon which is engraved in large letters: "Erected by the Robert Patton Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Cincinnati, O., in memory of the southern soldiers who died in the federal prison on this island during the war between the states. Dead, but sceptered sovereigns who rule us from the dust."

On the base is this inscription: "The stone upon this was inscribed and placed by the Grand Lodge of Mississippi in remembrance of the Masons who sleep here."

On the ends of the base-stone are the words: "Confederate soldiers. They were Masons."

Southerners Are Present

The day's exercises were conducted under the direction of John T. Mack, of Sandusky, member of the advisory board of the Johnson's Island Cemetery association, the officer of the day, in the presence of about 1,000 persons, many of whom came from homes in the southland to linger for a brief while among the mounds heaped up o'er what is now but the dust of brave men and boys who went to the front to fight for what they thought was right, and to pay a debt of recognition which, during the 45 years that have come and gone since the Blue and the Gray laid down their arms, had been neglected.

According to the Daughters of the Confederacy, whose committees arranged today's ceremonies, every southern state was represented on Johnson's Island when the monument was exposed to view.

The trip to Johnson's Island was made from this city Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock aboard the steamer R. B. Hayes, loaned for the occasion by George A. Boeckling, president of the Cedar Point Resort Co.

Band Plays Dixie.

Ashore on the other side of the bay, men, women and children fell into line and, headed by Ackley's band, of Sandusky, marched to the strains of Dixie and other southern airs, to the cemetery, about a quarter of a mile away. Within this enclosure, purchased by Robert Patton Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, in March, 1905, at a cost of $1,200, Rev. H. V. Givler, pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, of this city, led in prayer, the assemblage standing or kneeling, with heads bowed and uncovered. The prayer ended, flowers in profusion were strewn upon every grave, as well as the mound near the center of the cemetery, under which rest the remains of the 40 or 50 "unknown dead."

Mrs. Alice Williams, of Covington, Ky., was in charge of this ceremonial, and as the roll of southern states was called alphabetically, a committee consisting of the south's Daughters of the Confederacy and of the north's Relief Corps women, stepped forth and laid the wreaths and bouquets with which arms were laden upon the graves at the base of the little white marble slabs upon which are inscribed the names and military connections of those reposing beneath. Flowers in profusion were brought to this city from Cincinnati, but the supply was increased materially by local contributions.

Monument Is Unveiled.

The graves decorated, the assemblage proceeded to the monument, on the southern shore of Sandusky bay, near the entrance to the cemetery. Here, from a platform which had been erected, Rev. A. Overton Tarrant, rector of Calvary Episcopal church, this city, spoke the invocation.

Mrs. Mary Patton Hudson, of Cincinnati, daughter of Robert Patton, a noted West Virginia ranger, after whom Robert Patton chapter was named, was introduced by the officer of the day, John T. Mack, and, at the conclusion of a short address, in which she paid pretty tribute to the valor of the "Boys Who Wore the Gray," Mrs. Hudson drew the strings that held together two flags, the stars and stripes and the stars and bars, that had, up to this time, screened the statue from public view.

"No gray moss depends from the tree boughs in this northern graveyard where lies the dust of the descendants of the cavaliers of the Old South," said Mrs. Hudson, as she turned to leave the speakers' platform. "No mocking bird sings here its roundelay. No magnolia blossoms shed their subtle scent, and only the storm winds of winter and the zephyrs of summer tell to the skies the heroic story of that long ago. The ashes of our dead are to us an eternal trust, and we shall not, as a southern people, forget—

"Till the sun grows cold and the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment book unfold."

The band struck up Maryland, and, as the echoes died away, Mrs. I. F. Grimes, of Baltimore, Md., an active worker in furtherance of the project, spoke of "Our Monument." She recounted the efforts put forth by the Daughters of the Confederacy in bringing their plans to a full realization, describing briefly how the money had been raised by holding socials and giving fairs and, in conclusion, thanking the Masonic organizations of the various southern states for generous contributions.

General Gordon Speaks.

The dedicatory address, by General George W. Gordon, member of congress from Alabama, commander-in-chief of the Unifed Confederate Veterans and the last surviving major general of the Confederate army, followed. General Gordon paid beautiful tribute to the valor of the southern soldier. He said that the men of the south fought as bravely as their brothers, the soldiers of the north, and that since the war, meeting and fraternizing in perfect harmony, each, the Blue and the Gray, have held the other in higher esteem, for the fighting that they did, one to sever and the other to sustain the bonds of Unionism.

General Gordon said that time has firmly cemented the north and the south together again, and that it is with pride that the southern states, seceding in the sixties, look upon the deeds of their sons who went into the Spanish-American war to fight for the flag that now floats over a common country, beloved by all.

Speaks for Masons.

Judge E. B. King, of Sandusky, former grand commander, delivered a beautiful address on behalf of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Ohio. He directed attention to the fact that nearly all of the soldiers buried in the island cemetery were Masons, and that upon a number of headstones there are engraved no names, merely the rule and compass. He commended the spirit which prompted the Daughters of the Confederacy to keep green the memory of their soldier dead.

Mrs. Virginia Frazier, poet laureate of the Confederate Veterans' organization, read an original poem at the conclusion of which the band played The Mocking Bird. "Heroes of the Old South," an address by Gen. Bennet H. Young, of Nashville, Tenn., commander of the Department of Tennessee, United Veterans of the Confederacy, was followed by My Old Kentucky Home, the chorus of which, as rendered by the band, was hummed by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"Our Chapter's Noble Work" was the topic of an address by the Hon. Joseph Mangus, of Cincinnati. Sir Moses Ezekiel, who designed and executed the statue, was programed to speak, but failed to arrive as expected. His place was filled by Gen. Julian S. Carr, commander of the United Confederate Veterans, department of North Carolina. Ezekiel contributed his work, the value of which is estimated at $10,000, to Robert Patton Chapter. Sir Ezekiel was born in Virginia. eH was educated in the Virginia Military Institute and served through the civil war under Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The monument unveiled and dedicated, the witnesses and participants in the ceremonies marched back to the boat landing, led by the band playing The Star-Spangled Banner and The Stars and Stripes Forever. The majority of the visitors will leave for their home this afternoon.

The Stars and Bars were not unfurled in Sandusky, and it was declared by the Daughters of the Confederacy that no intentions to unfurl them were ever entertained; furthermore, that the protests voiced against the colors by the Grand Army posts of Sandusky and the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, were entirely unwarranted.

Although invitations were extended by the Daughters of the Confederacy to the G. A. R. bodies entering protests they were not accepted. Many old boys in blue, however, stood before the speakers' stand while the dedicatory services were in progress. They marched to the graveyard and back again.

The Stars and Bars and Stars and Stripes were carried in the procession on the island by William T. Brown, of Covington, Ky., and John G. Ellis, of Cincinanti, respectively. Both are Morgan Raiders. The two banners rested against the base of the monument during the exercises.

Daughters Buy Cemetery.

The movement to erect the statue originated with the Robert Patton Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Cincinnati, O. The chapter purchased the cemetery in 1908, when it was found that the spot around which so many historic memories clustered was being neglected and practically abandoned. Its only visitors were the veterans of a Grand Army post, who, every Decoration Day, held memorial services for their former foes.

They had the cemetery weeded and cared for, and on the Memorial Day following held services there similar to those held over the Union dead in Oakland cemetery, Sandusky.

Every succeding Memorial Day, up to three years ago, they carried out similar services. As the veterans were all men in advanced years, they were forced in 1907 to discontinue their trips to the island. They decided, also, that in view of the fact that up to that time practically no interest had been shown in the Confederate graves by either the relatives or friends of those buried there, there was no demand on them to continue the services.

Stirs Confederates to Action.

This action by the Grand Army Post became widely known and drew the attention of the various Confederate organizations throughout the country to the neglected condition of one of the most memorable landmarks of the greats truggle. The daughters of the Confederacy became interested. The campaign was headed by the Robert Patton post which raised the funds for thep urchase of the cemetery and then issued another appeal for a fund to provide a suitable monument to the dead. Money was liberally contributed throughout the south and a substantial amount was also raised in the north. Prior to this, however, one effort had been made to save the cemetery from the neglect into which it had fallen. In 1889 a party of editors and officials of the state of Georgia visited the island. They saw only broken fences and weed-grown mounds. Stirred by the sight, they returned home and raised a fund which provided headstones of Georgie marble for each of the 206 graves. It was then found that 54 of them must remain nameless, for the memory of the buried had vanished.

Many Plots to Escape.

The historic value of Johnson's Island lies not merely in the number of famous soldiers who were confined there during the war, but also in the many stories of attempted daring rescues which cluster about it. For three years plot after plot was laid to free the thousands who lay in captivity on the island. Every attempt, however, failed. The main guard of the island was the gunboat Michigan, now the Wolverine, which frustrated more than one sensational effort at rescue. The Wolverine, which is still doing duty in the United States service, was the first steel vessel ever built on the great lakes.

The greatest number of prisoners confined on the island at any one time was about 3,000. This was just prior to the close of the war. All in all, about 10,000 officers and soldiers were imprisoned there, and 220 deaths were recorded. Fourteen of the dead were buried on the mainland.

Speaks at Unveiling

BENNETT H. YOUNG

Commander of Department of Tennessee, United Veterans of the Confederacy, who spoke of the Heroes of the South, at unveiling of monument to Confederate dead at Johnson's Island Wednesday.

NEW PARTY TALK

Roosevelt at Head; Ohioans Prominent and Close to Throne.

Washington, June 13.—Official circles were somewhat disturbed by the subject of Gifford Pinchot, at St. Paul Saturday night. The situation is described in a dispatch sent to the Chicago Record-Herald, in which it is hinted that a new party, with Col. Theodore Roosevelt at the head, may be launched. The Record-Herald story is as follows:

"Is there to be a new political party? Was the launching of Gifford Pinchot's campaign for national conservation at St. Paul last night the official announcement that Theodore Roosevelt is to tie his fortunes to the new movement? Or was it merely a checkmating move in anticipation of a report against Pinchot and James G. Garfield from the joint congressional investigating committee?

"These questions, not frivolous or unkind, were asked by many persons in Washington today, after they had read Mr. Pinchot's speech. This speech, outdoing the most violent attacks of the insurgent leaders in congress, has placed Mr. Pinchot on the very Pike's Peak of party insurrection. The boast made by Hugh Thalbert, president of the St. Paul Roosevelt club, before which Mr. Pinchot fired his heavy artillery, that a new party had been born and that Messrs. Roosevelt, Pinchot and Garfield were its leaders, naturally aroused interest.

Some Belittle Movement.

"Those who were inclined to belittle the movement, suggested that its inspiration was a mixture of grievance and ambition. Pinchot and Garfield, these critics said, each had a grievance, of which they could not rid themselves, while no one questioned the high mindedness of Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Pinchot's speech is, of course, taken seriously here, because Mr. Pinchot spent considerable time placing his grievances before Mr. Roosevelt in July and because there is a feeling that it is possible that Mr. Roosevelt is a party to the move. Then, again, Mr. Pinchot, Mr. Garfield and Mr. Roosevelt are always serious.

Situation Held Serious.

"If the launching of the new party is really the mainspring of the 'Return from Elba' movement, which has been so assiduously fostered by Messrs. Pinchot and Garfield, then it becmes serious for all concerned. Read in connection with the lecture of Mr. Roosevelt at Oxford, and the so-called socialistic messages with which he bombarded congress in the winter of 1907-1908, it was deemed entirely possible that the former President may be preparing to seek power again outside of both the old political parties.

"It is noted that Mr. Garfield broadened his subject to include nearly everything now before the American people as an issue and to denounce everybody in public life, except insurgents, from the President who signed the tariff bill down to the men who passed it.

"It is pointed out that in case the regulars control the party in Iowa at the coming convention the new party would become a refuge for both Senators Cummins and Dolliver. It would also become a refuge for Senator La Follette, should the movement against himself in his own state succeed.

"Some lively speculation was indulged in today by those who are prepared for Rooseveltian activity in the new party as to where the leaders in the various states would land. If Senator Beveridge should find himself insecure in Indiana, may he be expected to leap into the new political corral? Will it become the refuge of Senator Clapp of Minnesota and Bristow of Kansas.

Where Will Root Land?

"And what about Senator Root? He is now the leader of the Republican party in New York. He went abroad, it is said, to advise Mr. Roosevelt to do nothing rash and forget what Mr. Pinchot told him in Italy. But if Mr. Roosevelt ignores this advice and joins the new propaganda, what will Mr. Root do? Having failed to convince Mr. Roosevelt that the Republican party is all right, will he be easily convinced by Mr. Roosevelt that it is all wrong and join the movement unloosed in St. Paul? This was discussed between showers on the golf links at Chevy Chase today.

"And as to the presidential candidate of the new party. There, it was surmised, might come a conflict of interests. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt might not care to run as the candidate of the new party. Who, then, would be the choice? Mr. Garfield has been credited with ambitions.

"There has come to public men in Washington, however, a whisper that Mr. Pinchot will not be content with being the Warwick of the new revolution, and his young foresters are urging him to accept the crown.

Longworth to Hesitate.

"Nick Longworth has been mentioned as the possible Republican candidate for governor of Ohio. It does not require much imagination to picture Mr. Longworth standing undecided between love and duty.

"Then there is Collector Loeb. He is a Taft office holder. He is so deep in political affairs in New York that a block and tackle attached to a steam windlass would be necessary to draw him out. Would Mr. Loeb follow the gonfalon of Roosevelt or the waving plume of Taft?"

$3,000 "SWEETENED JACKPOT"

Says State's Attorney Burke After Third Beardstown Trip.

Springfield, Ill., June 8.—That the fund of approximately $3,000 raised to kill the fish bill in the legislature went to "sweeten" the general legislative "jackpot," is the belief of State's Attorney Burke, who returned Wednesday from his third trip to Beardstown with the new evidence discovered.

The prosecutor says he not only has evidence to support this hypothesis, but that he is on the trail of at least one who, he believes, handled the fish bill fund after it had been paid to Frank J. Traut, of Beardstown, in the St. Nicholas hotel. This man, whose name Mr. Burke has withheld pending further inquiry, is believed to have acted as a sort of "capper" in the "jackpot" game and to have paid the fish bill fund into the general "jackpot" treasury.

DENMAN WON'T BE GOVERNOR

Says He Wants Another Term in Present Office and No Other.

Attorney General U. G. Denman put an end Friday to the talk about his nomination by the Republicans for governor.

"I shall be a candidate for nomination for another term for this office," said he, "and for no other. My ambitions run along the line of my profession. I have never wished to be governor," he authorized a Columbus correspondent to write.

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CALLS FOR NEW REGIME

Wisconsin Convention Decides That Party Should Be Reorganized.

Milwaukee, June 9.—The administration of President William H. Taft is strongly endorsed in the platform unanimously adopted at the closing session of the Republican state convention in Milwaukee today. The present tariff law is approved and the provisions for maximum and minimum schedules and future scientific revisions are commended. Governor Davidson's administration is also endorsed. The platform follows:

"We adhere to the principles of the Republican party as outlined in the platform adopted by the Republican national convention of 1908.

"We commend the administration of William H. Taft; we admire his character, we recognize his marked ability as a statesman, and we applaud his fidelity to the pledges contained in the party platform and to the principles of good government.

"Under difficulties and against opposition that tried to the utmost his patience and forbearance, he has labored unceasingly to secure the enactment of wholesome constructive legislation, to introduce economies in administration of the business of the government, to conserve the natural wealth of the nation and to protect our honor and interests abroad.

"We approve of the present tariff law as a real, progressive measure. We especially commend the provisions for maximum and minimum schedules and future scientific revisions.

"We endorse the administration of Gov. James O. Davidson and commend his faithful adherence to Republican principles.

"To the end that our party's high ideals may be upheld and party efficiency secured, we favor reorganization of the party throughout the state."

With the selection of a campaign committee consisting of two members from each congressional district and the choosing of William Connor, of Marshfield, as state chairman, the convention adjourned sine die. Mr. Connors' election was unanimous. He held the same office six years ago, when LaFollette was governor.

SHERMAN GIVES HIGH PRAISE TO EFFORTS OF PRESIDENT

Milwaukee, June 9.—Denunciation of the "insurgents" and commendation of the Republican national administration was the trend of a number of speeches at the first session of the Republican state convention. Every mention of President Taft's name by the various speakers was followed by a demonstration.

Vice President James S. Sherman made the principal address and delivered a plea for the cause of regular Republicanism. "What is a Republican?" was the first subject that Mr. Sherman dealt with after he had paid a glowing tribute to President Taft as the leader of his party. The speaker recalled that Congressman Champ Clark recently said the devil himself could not answer that question.

"This question may stump the devil, who may naturally be assumed to be a Democrat," said Mr. Sherman, "but I'll venture the assertion that every 12-year-old boy in Wisconsin can answer it, and that the simple but comprehensive reply would be, 'A man who votes the Republican ticket at the polls, and votes for Republican measures in congress."

The vice president spoke of insurgency near, when he recalled that "in 1872 a new insurgency had arisen with the cry of 'Anything to beat Grant.'"

"We are now confronted again by insurgency in the party," he said, "though it is by no means a united movement, as it may be said that there are nearly as many kinds of insurgency as there are insurgents. I believe, however, that the strength of the Republican party will in no way be weakened, but that it will go to the polls next November and record a victory and again be successful when it votes for its candidate for President in 1912."

The vice president said that no better illustration of what he had just been saying could be pointed out than in the passage of the so-called Payne-Aldrich tariff law. "I believe," he said, "when deceit and falsification shall have had their day, when the present tariff law is known and understood in detail, when its true effect is realized, there will follow unstinted commendation of our President and those in both houses of congress who have striven to carry out the pledges of the last national platform; to comply with the desire on the part of all to continue the policies of him who, for seven years, was indefatigable in his eagerness to advance the interests of the whole people, and who, having received the acclaim and plaudits of rulers and people all over Europe in a few days we shall, with an earnestness and zeal that will leave him no room for doubt as to his place in the hearts of the American people, welcome again to our shores. I believe that with the people's better understanding of the real purposes and interest of our great and sincere President, who is striving with all the energy which he possesses to keep the promises made by himself and his party; I believe when truth and facts have displaced falsehood and fiction people, not only in Wisconsin but throughout the United States, will give their hearty indorsement to that party which has, during all these years, stood like a bulwark for liberty, for honor and for progress."

REID'S GLORY PALES

Will Soon Retire From Ambassadorship.

Washington, June 13.—The days of service of Whitelaw Reid as American ambassador to the court of St. James are numbered. This information comes from a source in possession of both the American and British sides of the case.

The informant declares that King George and Mr. Reid, while on cordial terms, are not close to the degree of official intimacy expected between the king and an ambassador. In support of this it is pointed out that at all court functions given by the late King Edward Ambassador Reid was seldom in the group that surrounded George, then Prince of Wales.

King George is against making of the British court a climax to the social ambitions of rich foreigners, and is said to have often remonstrated with his august father for the way presentations were engineered. King George is already eliminating all foreigners from his entourage. He is to retain only those who have married into the British nobility, and this rule also will be followed by the queen.

In the list of his court attendants published Saturday John Ward, Mr. Reid's son-in-law, was the only American retained, and he is an extra equerry.

As a result of the new king's wishes the state department has found it necessary to bring to the President's attention the imperative need of a change before the close of the first period of mourning in November.

The understanding is that Charles W. Fairbanks, former vice president, will see his way clear to accept the ambassadorship, which indirectly has been offered to him. Mr. Knox is in favor of Mr. Fairbanks and so is Senator Root, of New York.

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

BE it known, the following real-life glimpse came to me by letter from one of our West Virginia friends named Effie C. Gall. She calls her story an "experience," which she experienced one morning, not so very long ago, at a time when her work seemed in "heaps and piles," and she was feeling as if she would "never, never see daylight any more."

Having reached this dismal conclusion she decided to help herself out of the dark by doing nothing for a few moments, for the purpose of collecting her distracted thoughts and getting them in better working order. While she was engaged in taking up this thought collection, chance, or fate, or providence, or whatever it is that rules these things, brought a visitor to her door and gave her the experience she thus describes:

"A railroad passes directly in front of our dining room door. From the window I saw an old lady coming up the track toward the house. At the same time I noticed her I heard a train coming. She heard it, too, I think, for she turned to see if it were very near. She was walking as briskly as she could, and carrying a rather large basket. For a few minutes it was a race between her and the train, but the train was a local freight and stopped at the station a little way below, thus giving her time to get to our door.

She stopped to ask if she might be taken across the river from here. She was a stranger to me, but I saw she was tired, and so I invited her to come in and rest awhile. She had a strong face, with a pleasant expression, and bright, brown eyes. Her hair was getting gray, but it was not white. She was dressed comfortably, but with no attempt at style.

"She looked good to me, and I was glad she accepted my invitation to come in. After she was comfortably seated she began to talk, and, before she finished, I thought my work did not amount to much.

"'I am on my way to Ruth Ann's,' she explained.

"'I know Ruth Ann, so I asked, 'Are you a sister of Ruth Ann's?'

"'Yes,' she answered, 'Ruth Ann is the youngest of our big family, and I am next to the oldest. I am 76 years old past.'

"I was surprised to hear her say this, as Ruth Ann looks very much the older of the two women, though she has had a comparatively easy life. Then Aunt Sallie, as she told me her name was, went on talking.

"'Yes, I am 76 years old and I have worked hard all my life ever since I was a little child. I liked to work then, and I worked in the house when there was anything I could do, and then I went out doors with Daddy and helped him in the fields. By and by I married; married my cousin David. He was weakly. He had dyspepsia, and that put most of the work on me. I had to make a living for us all. We lived in his father's place. The hills were very high and steep and rough, and it was hard times with us. I prepared breakfast and then went and worked in the field every day there was field work to be done. When I had three children I had to take them to the field, too. I kept a sugar trough to put the baby in, and left the oldest child to rock the baby and mind the other one, while I worked with my hoe, or picked brush, or helped my man burn log heaps.

"'I worked until 11 o'clock in the morning, then I took the children back to our cabin, where I hurried around to have dinner ready for my man when he came home at the noon hour. While he rested I put things in shape indoors, and then back I went to the field with him. Through the seasons of getting our ground ready for planting, and tending the crops, I had to leave our washing until Saturday nights. After supper I carried water and washed our clothing, which was none too plentiful, built a fire in the big fireplace, hung the clothes about it, and then I went to bed. In the morning the clothes were dry, and such things as we had to have to wear Sunday I ironed Sunday morning. I suppose it was not quite right to iron on Sunday, but I had no other choice, unless we wore the clothes rough dried.

"'Summer evenings, after supper, I had to go a mile for the cows. I left the baby and the other children—by this time I had seven children—with my man, except one little boy, Tommy. He cried so much that I dare not leave him with his father, because his father whipped the pore little feller for crying for his mammy. That was the dyspepsia, I reckon, so I took the child on my back and toted him all the way for the cows and home again.

"'Sometimes there would come rainy days, and how glad I was to see them come! I used to take a sack and my little hoe, and away I would go after sang (ginseng) after I could trust the children to care for themselves. I got drenched with the water from the wet bushes and weeds, but I went home with a big bunch of sang, as it was plentiful then. The price was so low for it at that time it took a big bunch to amount to much money.

"'So it went all summer. When winter came, I had to make our clothing. I have spun yarn and woven cloth many a night till the chickens began to crow for morning. I could not do all I had to do in the day and have time to do this work, too. As the years went by and the children grew big enough to help me, I got along just fine. The oldest girl stayed indoors and cooked for us, and I went to the fields with the boys. Never, were there better boys to work. When the children were so they could get along without me pretty well through the day, I went to the nearby town to wash for people, so's to get a little money. I often did three washings a week, besides my own work at home. The town people were all so good and kind to me.'

"When Aunt Sallie reached this point in her narrative, I drew a long breath and asked, 'Well, how did you do it all? If my life depended upon it, I have not the strength to do so much heavy work?'

"'Oh, well,' she said, 'I was only a pore, slim, weak looking slip of a woman then, but I had the strength. I just seemed able to do whatever fell to me to do, whether it was working in the corn field, harvest field, taking care of the children, or doing all together, because it had to be done, and I saw no other way, only for me to do all I could of it, so I wasted no time wondering whether I could do it or not, I just kept a-doing.'

"I said to her, 'I hope you are comfortable now, and have life easier as you grow older.'

"'Oh, yes,' she said, 'I have it easy enough. My children are all good to me, and get me whatever I need. I have given them all I had. I sold my land and divided the money amongst them, and now they must provide for me.'

"'But do you think that was a safe thing to do? Sometimes children do not remember to provide for their parents when once they get control of everything.'

"'I know it is not always a safe thing to do,' she answered, 'but I did not want the worry of taking care of my property, so I gave it to them, and now I just tell them what I want, and they must get it for me. They will laugh at me, but they get me what I want. They don't want me to work one bit, but I am one of those people that just has to work some, as long as I am well and can walk about, so I wash the dishes, whether they want me to do it or not, and I like to weed in the garden and do anything I can to help along. It's company for me.

"'I stay with my son in the country in summer. Three of my children live in town and I stay with them in winter. I stay with one awhile, and with another awhile, just as I like, and so I am contented all the time.'

"She asked me if I had seen the comet.

"'The folks where I have been visiting are going wild about it, and the possible results from it,' she said. 'I just told them no comet ever had hurt the earth, and I believed the Lord could manage a comet all right, if he could manage this earth and the rest of the worlds. Even if the comet's tail should wipe the earth off the map, it would not shorten people's days much, as, at most, life does not seem long, and just so they were ready to go, what was the difference, whether they went by way of a comet, or some other way.'

"Then Aunt Sallie went on her way, and I, feeling some better, went to work, thinking: well, what does it matter if there is so much work to do? I can do only what I can do, and life is too short at best to feel so fretted over the things I fail to get done each day, just because I happen to plan more work than I have strength to do, but I hope, when I am as old as Aunt Sallie that I may be wiser than I am now, and as cheery and philosophical as she is!"

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

It is all right to get on your dignity once in a while and let it be known that you are a live wire, but you need not be unpleasant about it.

All things which are meant to be will come in time.

It is you alone who can read the writing on your heart. See to it that it is good reading.

There is always something kind you can do for some one. It need not cost a cent.

It is a misfit to get angry with those you love. Anger and love do not go together.

The wife who boasts of having her husband well trained, is in dire need of being trained herself. Her achievement is nothing to be proud of.

You can help to make life one glad, sweet song by letting the other fellow have his way once in a while.

God gave you brains to think good thoughts with. Use the gift for what it was intended.

Always you can find that for which you watch and listen for the most. See the point?

If you think there is no good in anyone or anything, no good is what you will find.

Have faith, have faith in those you love. Never badger them by demanding explanations.

There is generosity in accepting favors, when, by accepting them, you are making somebody happy.

If you are making the home folks happy, you are working for the public good.

Those who say little and do much are of the most value to the world.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

TELL THE GOOD THINGS

It has been some time since anything appeared in the Cozy Corner from this section of the country, so I will drop in and have a chat with the friends. I have been reading the letters from different ones concerning their troubles, and I am almost persuaded to exclaim: "Oh, impatient, faithless humanity!" Know you not that we will have troubles, anxieties and trials, and often they are hard for us to endure, but if we would only look at them in the right way, they would make us stronger and more able to fight the battles of life, so why do we pine and worry? If our blessed Saviour, so innocent and pure, with not a blot or blemish, could not escape the cruel curses and blows of this sin-stained world, how do we expect to escape?

Many times we lead ourselves into trouble greater than it would be if we would only treat it in a Christian-like manner. Although things occur which we dislike very much, if we would deal with them gently and take God's word as a lamp to guide our feet, our troubles oftimes would be steppingstones, leading up on to higher spiritual grounds.

We all have our perplexities and they use us, just as we use them. Bear in mind there is never a night so dark that daylight does not overtake. Because some one shows he has no consideration or feeling for us, is no reason why we should act as though we cared as little for him. Often a soft answer turneth away wrath, but harsh words only kindle anger. One never gets anywhere quarreling alone. It takes two to do harm. If we would play shut-mouth many times things would end at the right place, for I have heard it said "silence hurts tormentors more than any answer can."

We may be ill-treated in many ways, but if we will be gentle, kind and loving, always, our darkness will turn to day, and our sorrowing to rejoicing.

I hope those who have been explaining their troubles will just consider them in this way. We all have troubles of some kind, and what a mourning and wailing there would be if we all should tell the many troubles we have encountered through life. Instead of telling the bad things that occur let us lighten some one else's burden by telling the many, many good things this life affords, and what a happy life we could live if we would look at the bright side.

"Oh," someone will say, "there is no bright side to some things."

Yes, there is a bright side to everything if we will only look at it in that way. Sometimes I am inclined to think we get out in the dark so far we could not see the bright side of a question if it presented itself ever so plainly, so let us try to keep in the warm sunlight of life, and our pathway will not be half so gloomy.—Mrs. W. H. Fogleman, Virginia.

BEANS, BREAD AND BLADE

Here is a recipe for baked beans, proven by years of usage in our New England family:

Wash one pint of white beans. Tree, or pea-beans are the best. Place beans to cook in one quart of hot water. Boil until the skins will crack if blown upon. Drain and place in an earthenware pot with two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one tablespoonful of salt, and a little black pepper. Take one-half pound of fat pork. I prefer it fresh. Cut the rind in one-fourth inch checks with a sharp knife. Sink it in the beans with the cut side a little above them. Add enough hot water to cover, and bake in an oven heated as for bread, for not less than five hours. Ten is better. Add hot water as it cooks away. Just before serving, let the water cook down and brown the surface. Using hot water causes the beans to stay whole. For a change try a quarter of a pound of sausage in place of pork. Serve with it brown bread made in this way:

Sift together one pint of rye meal, one pint yellow corn meal, one tablespoonful salt, one teaspoon soda. Add one-half pint cooking molasses and one pint buttermilk. Beat well and pour into pound baking powder cans that have been greased. Steam three and a half hours.

This recipe has been used in my husband's family for generations. I suppose ever since brown bread was invented. I sometimes use one-half pint graham flour and one pint rye meal, but the rye pleases our taste better.

My father was one of the early subscribers of The Blade and he was personally acquainted with D. R. Locke. After leaving Ohio for the west, The Blade came, too, with the exception of a year or two in those terrible grasshopper years, and it was a regular visitor so long as father lived. When I married an old bachelor from New England, I brought The Blade to his notice, and he, being a good Republican, it became a part of his life, too, until it is as necessary as the Bible and the Farmer's Almanac.

I wonder if those who wrote to the Household Department 20 years ago are still readers of The Blade—Moss Rose of Kentucky, Mrs. J. C. Means and Jennie of Oregon—or have they gone to the reward of the faithful? How I wish we might meet in the Cozy Corner for a chat, once more. I send a greeting to those who read The Blade at that time.—Mrs. Margaret Dane, Nebraska.

ANATOMICAL EXPERT

London Telegraph.

When a butcher answered the bell of his telephone instrument one day the shrill voice of a little girl greeted ris ears. "Hello! Is that Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes," he answered kindly.

"Well, can you tell us where grandpa's liver is? We've got to put a hot flannel on it, and we can't find it!"

NO MORE WRINKLES
BEAUTIFUL BUST

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR VANISHES LIKE MAGIC BY A NEW DISCOVERY.

"Let this woman send you her wonderful treatments, follow her instructions then if you are pleased, recommend her wonderful methods to your friends."

SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has discovered a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods.

You can imagine her joy when by her own simple discovery she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no masks or common massage, no harmful plasters, no rollers, no worthless creams.

By her new process she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed.

Mary Merritt, of Wis., writes, her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hanson writes, her bust is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes, she has not a wrinkle left.

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Cuningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, her various new beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

How to quickly remove wrinkles.
How to develop the bust.
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows.
How to instantly remove superfluous hair.
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles.
How to remove dark circles under the eyes.
How to quickly remove double chin.
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body.
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cuningham, suite 539, 7 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Now is the time to write and learn her beauty secrets, lest your beauty passes, even as the petals of a rose, wthers into the drift of yesterday's flower.

The world would be better off if there were a few more kind women like this is it.

IN THE NAME OF MILLINERY

A CHARMER OF 1910.

CONSIDERED CHARMING IN 1830.

THE fashions we have always with us. Fashions were, ages before we of today, were among those present. Style and dress, no matter how much it may be held up to scorn by those who profess to scorn them, have existed since human beings began to wear clothes, and style and dress will continue to exist so long as the world goes round. They are some of the things which help to keep commerce alive and to keep the wheels turning.

Fashions come and go as the years and ages come and go. The latest is always the newest, though it may be a modernized revival of something that was in favor years agone.

Ever since hats were worn millinery has been one of the interesting things at the beginning of each season. Many fearful and wonderful things have been perpetrated in the name of millinery. The contest frequently seems to be, which one can do his worst. Every season when the new millinery arrives, we exclaim: "Aren't the hats something fearful!" and every season, in spite of their fearsomeness, we manage to adjust ourselves to the difficulty and try to smile and look pretty under our millinery affliction. Some look pretty, no matter what they may put on top of their heads, but these "some" are those who cannot help looking pretty no matter how disfiguring their top pieces may be.

New hat time is a time of anguish for some of us; not only for monetary reasons, but for other reasons unnecessary to mention.

When we chance to have brought before our eyes specimens of old-time millinery we laugh at them in derision, but whisper, the hats we wear today will be laughed at in like derision in the coming tomorrow, and it may be we who shall do the laughing.

There is another side to the question when it comes to the millinery of days past and gone. "I mind" one case in particular. The case is that of a light blue satin, shirred bonnet, which had a posy of pink moss rosebuds tucked away inside its brim, coquettish like. The one who told me about this bonnet is an elderly woman now, but she has never forgotten this bonnet of her girlhood, and the posy of pink rosebuds, tucked inside its brim, seems to have made a lasting impression. It is one of those things 'tis sweet to remember.

Today's hats are hats that are very much in evidence. Several instances I could mention are cases of "hat, where are you going with that girl?" Of course they are absurdities, and equally, of course, it is an absurdity to have filched from the terrible Turk, his turban, in order to make us women look stylish and pretty.

A model of one of the up-to-date Oriental turbans is shown by the picture of the pretty young woman taken from the Woman's National Daily. She looks very complacent and certain of her good looks, in spite of the daily fashion hint she is wearing.

From the same source I discover there are millinery manners. Now good manners are always something desirable, no matter what form they may take, so I pass on this code to whoever may wish to read and profit.

Sewing teachers in the public schools are already giving lessons on "millinery manners." They do not call it millinery manners, but that is suggested as an appropriate name. It means teaching the art of placing the right hat on the right woman. For instance, to wear a stately Gainsborough hat on a tousled coiffure with tag ends of curls sticking out in every conceivable direction, is a breach of millinery manners. Nor is it good millinery manners for a woman with a long pointed nose to wear a hat which slopes over her forehead like a roof and runs parallel with her nose; nor for a woman with a saucy pug nose to wear a hat which turns up from her forehead at about the same angle as her nose; nor for a tiny woman to hide herself under such a tremendous hat that it requires a special search to find the wearer. Every one of these women would be charming in the right hat. Now that's "millinery manners"—to suit a face with the right hat. And the right hat which costs $1.99, is a good deal more becoming than a wrong one, even though the latter costs $99.

The strange looking things in the other picture were considered charming in 1830 or thereabouts. It is to laugh at them today, but, listen, we may be wearing them tomorrow.

"He laughs best who laughs last," or words to that effect, applies to hats and to other things and to many cases.—Elizabeth.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

The day will come when every sincerely good human being will be as careful not to be a maker of sorrow as not to commit deeds that are dishonest and cruel.

MONDAY

To torment one's neighbor is equivalent to stealing his purse.

TUESDAY

As one diseased sheep will poison the entire flock, so the influence of one bad-tempered person will affect all around him like a train of gunpowder.

WEDNESDAY

To make the home circle a scene of unhappiness is to divert it from its true mission, which is to be a shelter, a school and a goal.

THURSDAY

A man must find in his family, be he father, husband, son or brother, a shelter from the struggles and trials of the day; a refuge where he can rest and gather strength for the morrow.

FRIDAY

If we trace our grievances to their source we shall very often be covered with shame at having nourished so much bitterness for such trifling wrongs.

SATURDAY

Anger against those we love is absurd, and to torment them is criminal.—From Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy. Translated from the French of Dora Melegari. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

GOOD SALADS

Salads served with plain bread and butter or rolls; cold sliced meat with vegetable salads, and cake or cookies, are always good in summer, either for a noon or evening meal.

Lettuce and Tomato Salad.

Clean and wash the lettuce, shake dry as possible, and place on ice or where it will keep cool. Skin the number of tomatoes required, and cool. When ready to serve, dress the lettuce with vinegar, oil, or melted butter, salt and pepper. Put the lettuce in a salad bowl, quarter, or slice the tomatoes, and arrange in the middle of the bowl. Spread over them a mayonnaise dressing.

Cabbage Salad.

Two quarts of finely chopped cabbage, seasoned with two level teaspoonfuls of salt, two of white sugar, one of black pepper, one of ground mustard. Rub the yolks of four hard boiled eggs until smooth. Add half a cupful of butter slightly warmed. Mix thoroughly with the cabbage, then add a teacupful of cider vinegar. Serve with whites of eggs, sliced and placed on the salad.

Bean Salad.

String young beans, cut into inch length and boil in salt and water until tender. Drain well and to a quart of beans add a chopped onion. Take three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two of salad oil, or melted butter, salt and pepper to taste. Beat the vinegar and oil or melted butter together, add the seasoning and pour over the beans and onions. Mix well and set away for an hour or two before using.

Asparagus Salad.

Drain the asparagus after taking it from the can, or if fresh, boil until tender in salted water and dress like string bean salad.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

Melt in a saucepan a piece of butter the size of an egg. Put in a tablespoonful of flour; add a teacupful of milk or water and let come to a boil. Have ready three beaten eggs mixed with a tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of dry mustard and a teacupful of vinegar. Salt and pepper to taste. Stir this in with the mixture in the saucepan, let come to a boil and set away to cool.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Now, I wonder how many of you M. G. R.'s would like to go down the east coast of Florida, on the beautiful Indian river, and see how the far-famed Indian river pineapple grows. Come, all of you who can, and we will go for a launch ride on the river, which is from 1½ to 12 miles in width, with numerous inlets to the ocean, so of course is salt water.

The pineapples grow on plants that resemble a century plant. Good, healthy specimens attain the height of about five feet. The apple grows in the center of the plant, about two feet from the ground. After bearing the fruit the old plant dies, but a sucker springs up to take its place, and so keeps on. The slips grow in the fruiting season, also. The way new fields are started is to set out these slips about 18 inches to two feet apart. They bear fruit 18 months from their setting out, and with good care a field will not have to be reset for about 10 years. The harvesting season for pines lasts about two months, though there are a few ripening nearly all the year. As the leaves have a row of thorns on each edge, the colored men who work in the fields wear leggings and gloves of very heavy canvas. The fruit is hauled to the packing house, sorted, wrapped in pineapple paper, crated and shipped north for the "Yankees' to eat.

Let me say here that no pineapple grower would eat the ones they ship away, after having the ripe fruit fresh from the plant. The only thing the same is the odor.

If this description is enjoyed I will write of the orange industry some time. I must speak of the fine climate here, both in winter and summer. I had lived for years near Toledo, but came here in search of health and found it.—Buckeye Cracker, Florida.

Happy Day—this May day, with the crisp, delicious air sifting through the leaves of the maples. Did some one say that the Country Bard reminded her of one of her friends? Thank you, we are gratified by the pleasing recognition.

How many of you would like to hear from the little town of Cedarville, O.? It is a college town, a limestone town, a city of fair women and high taxes. Some of the sojourners therein profess that it is a town of much delight. It has enjoyed the most beautiful scenery, at least it was enjoyed until commercialism laid unspiritual hands upon it, but the ferns and wild flowers still cluster in the shady nooks of gigantic cliffs, as in days of yore.

Besides some charming, natural scenery, it possesses on its border an ancient mound, known as Indian Mound, and an ancient fort, known as Indian Fort, the latter almost ravaged to the ground by the spirit of agriculture. Near the town is the birthplace and homestead of the distinguished diplomat, journalist and minister to the court of St. James, namely, Whitelaw Reid. Wilberforce University lies to the south 4½ miles, and is a very flourishing institution which is pointing the way to better things for the Afro-American race.

Did you notice that the comet did not strike the earth? At least not at Cedarville. The last seen of him here he was climbing over the backyard fence and scurrying off as fast as his boots could carry him. The explanation is, the Country Bard delivered an ode against him.

Cedarville breathes the air of literary inspiration. Besides, the distinguished Whitelaw Reid; W. D. Nesbit, gifted author, the Rev. H. P. Jackson, preacher-poet, Hal Reid, actor, and others known to fame are Cedarville born.—The Country Bard, Ohio.

Dear M. G. R.'s: I am interested in The Blade, and especially in the M. G. R. I live 10 miles east of Webster Springs in West Virginia. There is fine scenery in this country and a good place to see it is from an elevated piece of ground called Potato Knob, which is on our land. It is said there was once a platform erected in the forks of a large sugar tree, and from this, with a field glass, one could see five counties. There is some game in this county. It includes gray, black and fox squirrels, wild turkey, ruffled grouse, rabbits and other small game. There are wild cats, also, and different snakes. We have the rattlesnake and copperheads, black snake and the house garter snake.

I live on a farm of over 200 acres, about 50 or 60 acres of which are cleared. We have an abundance of fruit and grapes in the autumn. About six miles from Woodzell, my postoffice, is a knob which goes by the name of Jonathan's Knob. From this may be had a splendid view of the surrounding country. It is situated between the Elk and Black Fork rivers. I will close with best wishes to all.—Roland S., West Virginia.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Weather in Toledo at present time of writing: Cool, cloudy and more than some rainy. We're hoping for clearing weather soon, meantime we are doing the best that can be expected under the circumstances. I hope you are all doing the same. If not, get busy.—Elizabeth.

This week we have the pleasure of letters from Blue-Eyed Inez, Jewel, Mrs. E. L., Jannetti, and Gottlieb Mohr.

THE JOB DEPARTMENT

London Graphic.

Former Employer—"And so you are a newspaper man now, Thompson?"

Thompson—"Yes, sir; I'm the editor of the job department."

Former Employer—"Editor of the job department?"

Thompson—"Yes, sir; I carries in coal, and scrubs the floor, and cleans the windows and all such editin' as that, sir."

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE

Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K. gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address R.F. WORKS, 391 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

POETS' CORNER

ITCHING HEELS

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Fu' de peace o' my eachin' heels, set down;
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo'.
Don' you see how dat melody stuhs me up
An' baigs me to tek de flo'?
You knows I's a Christian, good an' strong;
I wusship f'um June to June;
My pra'ahs dey ah loud an' my hymns ah long;
I baig you don' fiddle dat chune.

I's a crick in my back an' a misery hyeah,
Whaih de j'ints gittin' ol' an' stiff,
But hit seems lak you brings me de bref o' my youf;
W'y, I's suttain I noticed a whiff.
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo', my chile,
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo';
I'll git up an' taih up dis groun' fu' a mile,
An' dein I'll be chu'ched fu' it sho'.

Oh, fiddle dat chune some mo', I say,
An' fiddle it loud an' fas';
I's a youngstah ergin in de mi'st o' my sin;
De p'esent's gone back to de pas'.
I'll dance to dat chune, so des fiddle erway;
I knows how de backslidah feels;
So fiddle it on 'twell the break o' de day
Fu' de sake o' my eachin' heels.

LORENA

By M. A. Laverty.

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again,
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.
But the heart throbs on as warmly now,
As when the summer days were nigh,
Oh, the sun can never dip so low
Adown affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt that pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Tho' mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months, 'twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chimed.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell,
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our lovings prosper'd well—
But then, 'tis past—the years are gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms,
I'll say to them, "lost years sleep on;
Sleep on nor heed life's pelting storm."

The story of that past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat,
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat.
I would not cause e'en one regret
To wrankle in your bosom now,
"For if we try, we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet,
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret;
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke,
Thy heart was always true to me—
A duty stern and pressing broke
The tie that linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in the eternal past,
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future; O thank God,
Of life this is so small a part;
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

OUR FLAG

By Dr. M. Victor Staley.

Wave to the breeze, O starry flag,
Proud emblem of our glory;
A thousand years and more thy folds
Shall tell sweet Freedom's story.
In ev'ry clime, throughout the world,
Where weep downtrodden races,
Thy stars, ablaze with hope sublime,
Shall light despairing faces.

On many fields for Freedom won,
'Midst sword and bayonet gleaming,
The wounded soldiers joyed to see
Thy folds still proudly streaming;
And sweet he vowed it was to die,
With that glad scene before him,
Contented if he could but know
Thy stars were waving o'er him.

'Midst darkest gloom, when tyrant's hand
Or traitor's touch assailed thee,
Heroic hearts have bled to save,
And never yet have failed thee;
Heroic hands have borne thee high,
'Midst wars resounding rattle,
And kept thy folds with glory crowned,
Where fiercest raged the battle.

Wave on, wave on, flag of the free,
Each age increase thy glory;
Through all the wreck and change of time
Proclaim the same sweet story.
At sight of thee shall eyes grow bright,
And hearts shall beat the faster,
And those who long have cringed to might
Shall own no tyrant master.

Wave on, wave on, o'er happy homes,
O'er hearts both brave and tender,
That e'er shall swell with love and pride,
When gazing on thy splendor.
Columbia's might shall aye increase,
And wondrous be her story,
And millions yet unborn salute
The symbol of her glory.

May Peace e'er nestle in thy folds,
Not war relentless rend thee;
But, shouldst thou need, may patriot hands
And patriot hearts defend thee.
A thousand years and more be thine;
Dishonor stain thee never;
But on thy folds may "Right" be writ,
Forever and forever.—Natchitoches, La.

THE BEST COW

(Author Unknown.)

Old Farmer B. is a stingy man,
He keeps all he gets and gets all he can;
By all his friends he is said to be
As tight as the bark on a young birch tree.

He goes to church and rents a pew,
But the dimes he gives to the Lord are few;
When he comes to heaven with the good and great
He will be let in at the smallest gate.

Old Farmer B., besides drags and plows,
Keeps a number of very fine calves and cows;
He makes no butter, but sends by express
The milk to the city's thirstiness.

"What do the city folks know about milk?
They are better judges of cloth and silk;
The man who buys, I vow, cannot tell
If I water it not or water it well.

"If they do not know, then where's the sin?
I'll put the sparkling water in."
Thus talked to himself old Farmer B.
How mean he is young and old can see.

One night it was dark, oh, fearfully dark!
The watch dog never came out to bark!
Old Farmer B. in his bed did snore,
When rap, rap, rap, nearly shattered his door,

And a voice cried out in hasty breath:
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death!"
Slipping off the end of a rousing snore,
Farmer B. jumped out on the bedroom floor,
And the midnight voice was heard no more.

He pulled on his pants, he knew not how,
For his thoughts were all of the choking cow;
He flew to the yard like a frightened deer,
For his stingy soul was filled with fear,
And looking around by his lantern's light
He found his cows were all aright.

"I'd give a dime," cried Farmer B.
If I knew who played this trick on me.
May the hand be stiff and the knuckle be sore
That knocked tonight on my farmhouse door!"

With a scowl on his face and a shaking head,
Farmer B. again sought his nice, warm bed;
No good was there, 'twas all o'erpowered;
The little good nature he had had soured.

When he went to water his milk next day
The midnight voice seemed again to say,
As he pumped away with panting breath;
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."

The meaning of this he soon found out;
A rock was driven in the old pump's spout.

Old Farmer B., when he drives to town,
Meets his neighbors with a frown,
And they smile and ask as they kindly bow:
"How getteth along your best cow now?"

WHEN THE BEES ARE IN THE HIVE

(Author Unknown.)

By the mill stream sat the miller's pretty daughter,
And her cheeks were like the first red rose of June,
While her sweet voice sounded like the rippling water,
As she tenderly hummed an old love tune;
But soon her song of joy is turned to sorrow,
For her sweetheart now has come to say good-bye.
She is thinking sadly of the lonely morrow,
As he kisses her and murmurs with a sigh:

CHORUS.

When the bees are in the hive and the honey's in the comb,
When the golden sunbeams bend to kiss the dew,
While the old mill wheel turns 'round,
I'll love you, Mary;
When the bees are in the hive I'll come to you.

By the old mill sits a lonely maid repining,
And her fancy like the stream roams far away;
As she looks down in the sliv'ry waters shining,
And sees her golden locks are tinged with gray.
Long years she's waited there for his returning;
All in vain she's thinking he'll come back some day;
For the lamp of hope still in her heart is burning;
As the old mill wheel turns 'round it seems to say:

CHORUS.

When the bees are in the hive, etc.

POEMS REQUESTED

One of the boys who wore the blue wants the poems which has these lines: 1. Oh, where did you get that limp? 2. Who will tell of these when the boys in blue are gone?

Grey Wing—Tell me again the poems you want. I've lost your letter.—Elizabeth.

A Temperance Speech

ELIZABETH AYRES.

MEN and women:

This evening I come before you to speak of intemperance. Not of intemperance in its commonly accepted meaning, but of the unconscious intemperance which enters every-day life.

There may be intemperance other than alcoholic. There may be intemperance in drinking home-brewed beverages. There may be intemperance in temper, in pleasure, there may be intemperance in more ways than I can take time to mention.

Intemperance of speech is the thing I am considering, because it is more prevalent than any other intemperance, because it is the root of many an evil.

Malicious gossip is not included in this intemperance. Too much importance is attached to gossip of this kind. Too much importance is attached to this kind of gossipers. Neither is worth so much attention. It is only those beset by the devils of hatred, envy and malice; those of empty minds and cruel hearts, who indulge in malicious gossip. They harm themselves more than those they try to blacken. Lord forgive them. They know not what they do.

The intemperance of speech, I mean, is that which has no charity; no helpfulness for the shortcomings of others. The speech which tortures with its unkindness; the speech which drives husbands from their homes to find surcease in alcoholic intoxication; the speech which drives wives and daughters to desperate measures; the speech which turns sons into outcasts and criminals; the speech which makes of home a place to be dreaded and avoided.

It is not women, alone, who are thus intemperate. Men, too, are guilty, but as a rule women are more given to talking; more given to letting their tongues have free license; more given to letting fractured nerves and irritability find vent in words that cut and lash like a scourge of whips.

To a very great extent in the hands of women rests the welfare of the home. There is the place we all start from unless we be unfortunates. Thee is the place which should be a place of peace if from it are to come good men and women. There is the place to put in practice the soft answer that turneth away wrath—else it is not home.

Intemperance of speech has slain its thousands—yes its millions! It is the cause of countless bad effects. Ye who are unconscious sinners, come awake before it is too late.

Cease your denunciations.
Cease your fault-findings.
Cease your bickerings.
Cease your scoldings.
Cease your naggings.
Cease your intemperance of speech.

You do as grievous harm as the drunkards whose weakness and evil you, in your ignorance, may have caused.

Look to yourselves, you who talk much and without kindly feeling.

Look at the faces around you and see if they look happy.

Look to your homes you who hold the reins, and look to the happiness of those you may be guiding. You cannot whip them into shape with tongue-lashings.

A rule through fear is a short and disastrous dynasty.

Your subjects, your children, will flee your kingdom at their first opportunity, and when they flee they will not care how much they hurt and rend you.

You, who get out on the warpath of reform; you who condemn while you seek not to heal the wickedness of the world; you who are drunk with the poison which fills your veins from intemperance of speech, before you attempt to criticise or correct outside evils look first at home to see where there is need of mending.

May the Lord forgive you if you are thus a sinner and turn you from your error.

MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Hudson, Ohio.—"If mothers realized the good your remedies would do delicate girls I believe there would be fewer weak and ailing women. Irregular and painful periods and such troubles would be relieved at once in many cases. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is fine for ailing girls and run-down women. Their delicate organs need a tonic and the Compound gives new ambition and life from the first dose."—Mrs. GEORGE STRICKLER, Hudson, Ohio, R. No. 5, Box 32.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

TCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1071 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

NE ROOSEVELT ROUTE

embers of Organized Clubs Will Number Fully 20,000.

New York, June 13.—When Theore Roosevelt drives up Fifth avee to Fifty-ninth street next Saturday e avenue will be lined from Eighth reet to Fifty-ninth street with 15,000 20,000 men and women, members local and visiting organizations that ve agreed to do him honor on his turn from Africa.

Many of the organizations will be in iform and nearly all will have nds. To each organization of more an 100 persons a whole block has en assigned. They will carry oosevelt flags, their society flags and e national emblem. The visiting ganizations will come from many ates of the union. Some small ones ve been given positions at the Batry. The Spanish war veterans will rade in uniform with several bands.

Stand for Dignitaries.

Governors and representatives of ate governors will be given positions the stand at the Battery. They ll go down the bay on one of the tters to greet the former president d be the guests of committee during e parade.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and cretary of War Meyer have been asned positions on the Standard and ll go down the bay and ride with the committee. Governor Fort, of New rsey, and Governor Quinby, of New mpshire, will be present. Miraau L. Towns and Civil Service Comissioner Willing will act as personal ort to Mayor Gaynor, who will prede at the Battery reception.

Commodore Dalzell, who will have arge of the water parade, announced today that more than 100 ats had been entered. Applications e still coming in, and it will be the iddle of the week before the lists e closed. The Republican club of ew York will go down the bay on e steamer Albany, the Roosevelt ighbors on the steamer Nassau; the rry MacAuley mission has entered e steamer Jerry MacAuley and the en Franklin line has entered the Ben ranklin. A large number of exrsion steamers and tugs will take rt in the parade. Four revenue tters have been assigned Collector oeb and will be used to take parties guests. Mr. Roosevelt will be on ard the Androscoggin, the committe boat.

Civic Alliance Joins.

The American Civic Alliance, of hich Henry Clews is president, will e represented in the flotilla by a reption committee of which George H. iddlebrook is chairman, M. H. Blake, q chairman, and H. Lee Sellers, secetary. The reception committee will t as part of the official escort to the rmer president to the Battery and ke part in the land parade. Among e city and out-of-town members who e expected to welcome the president e Thomas A. Edison, John Wanaaker, Theodore N. Vail, Gen. Thomas Hubbard, J. B. Greenhut, Cornelius Bliss, C. H. Coffin, Clarence L. ses, Leopold Stern, Harry Content, drian Iselin, William Rand, Jr., E. Outerbridge, John S. Huyler, John Parsons, M. L. Morgenthau, David Boody, Frederick Steinway, E. ould, J. B. Reynolds, C. M. Griscom, ward Cutting, Nicola Tesla, Gen. rederick Pearson, John A. Topping, M. Morgan.

The Campfire Club of America will ve a luncheon and reception to Col. eodore Roosevelt on the roof of The aldorf-Astoria on the afternoon of ne 22. No one will be present but mbers of the club. Col. Roosevelt ill tell some of the exploits which does not want printed till he writes e stories himself, so the club will do l the reporting that is done for the wspapers. The roof will be covered th wire screening, over which will green leaves and boughs to make it ok like a forest. There will be 13 andards among the decorations, on hich will be suitable trophies repreting the famous hunters and exrers of America, beginning with De to. These standards will be ornanted with heads of game.

FIGHT ON FOR BIG ESTATE

d Virginian Cuts Out Children for French Woman.

New York, June 11.—The legal batle for the $2,000,000 estate left by enjamin Hart, the self-expatriated irginian, who died in Paris two o years ago, began Friday before stice Greenbaum in the supreme ourt. The action is one brought by e executor and trustee under the ill to have the will declared valid. pposed to them are Mme. Josephine ucchesi Isabel Hart Guillemin, Hart's dopted daughter, and the wife of an Guillemin, French minister to eru, and Mrs. Estelle Kitty Hart, diorced wife of the old Virginian.

When the will left by Hart was pened it was found that Mme. Guilmin had been left out entirely and at the testator had bequeathed his state to Mme. Antoinette Gabrielle Bie, of Paris, and his son, Michael art. Mme. de Bie, it is alleged by e adopted daughter, came into art's life after he was well along in ars and obtained such a control er the old man that she practically ominated his every act.

The divorced wife figures in the se through her contention that the ivorce Hart obtained from her was ot legal.

3 HAIR SWITCH FREE

Send us a lock of your hair, inclose 5 cents and we will mail you prepaid, a 24 ounce short stem 22-inch genuine Human hair switch, suited to match the shade of your hair, and if any switch you can get elsewhere for $3. Big satisfaction or send us our introductory price $1.98. If not return it, or you may within 5 days, take orders for 3 more switches of the same size and get yours free. Send references. Complete line of hair goods, suits, waists and wearing apparel free. Catalogue. CONNEY BROS., Dept. 343-1343 Wabash Av., Chicago

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EN MFG. CO., Factory H Milwaukee, Wis.

SEEK TO KISS HANDS

Emigrants on Ship Admire Roosevelt.

On board Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, June 12, via Wireless to Crookhaven, Ireland, June 13.—Theodore Roosevelt was the chief figure in a noteworthy scene in the steerage this afternoon, when he attended a Catholic service held for 1,200 emigrants, Russian and Galician Poles. The emigrants surrounded an altar draped with the American flag, chanted a litany and then Mr. Roosevelt spoke briefly, the priest interpreting.

Mr. Roosevelt welcomed his hearers to America and gave them some good advice on the necessity of avoiding association with strangers upon landing. He exhorted them to be mindful of the duties of citizenship and to protect the rights of women. At the end of his remarks the emigrants crowded about him, trying to kiss his hands. Later, at a service in the second cabin, at which a German priest officiated, Mr. Roosevelt spoke in similar vein to a gathering of Germans, who cheered his remarks.

The former president, accompanied by the steamer's captain, inspected the third-class cabins and complimented the captain on their comfort and condition. He said it was to be hoped that the steerage might eventually be quite abolished and its place be taken by third-class cabins.

This morning Mr. Roosevelt attended a Protestant service in the saloon. On Monday he will address the crew and stokers and on Tuesday, with French, German and Polish priests and Protestant clergy, he will give a reception to the first and second cabin passengers. The weather has been perfect ever since the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria left port.

GIBRALTAR OF BANKS

Chicago Institutions Merge —Capital of $20,000,000.

Chicago, June 11.—Chicago is to have a bank second in capital to the largest in America, and likewise second to it in deposits.

Arrangements were practically completed last night by which the Continental National bank will merge with the Commercial National bank. The capital stock of the combined banks will be $20,000,000 and the surplus will be $12,500,000. George M. Reynolds, president of the Continental, will dominate the new institution, which will be called the Continental-Commercial.

E. H. Gary, of the United States Steel corporation and a heavy stockholder in the Commercial bank, will have the leading financial interest in the consolidated bank.

The negotiations, which have been in progress for several days, virtually were brought to a close at night, when a committee of ten, being five members of the directorate of each bank, met and drew up a plan for the consolidation, which will be submitted to the bards of directors at meetings to be held simultaneously at 9 o'clock this morning. This committee was appointed after the directors of the two banks had adopted resolutions yesterday in effect favoring the consolidation of the two banks.

The figures below show the extent of the merger:

Continental National bank, capital $9,000,000; Commercial National bank, capital $8,000,000; total, $17,000,000. Continental National bank, surplus and profits, $5,329,998; Commercial National bank, surplus and profits, $3,639,905; total, $8,969,993. Continental National bank, deposits, includes $13,297,859 deposits of the Aemrican Trust and Savings bank, owned by the Continental, $111,548,084; Commercial National bank, deposits, $72,885,851; total deposits, $184,433,935.

TAFT PLANS HONORS.

Washington, June 13.—By direction of President Taft, Secretary Meyer has given orders for the new battleship South Carolina to anchor in Ambrose Channel at the entrance of New York harbor when Colonel Roosevelt arrives there next Saturday, and greet him with the national salute of 21 guns. Five torpedo destroyers will also line up with the South Carolina, and this naval force will escort the ex-President up the bay as far as quarantine.

Secretary Dickinson today telegraphed Brigadier General Howe, commanding the department of the east at New York, to confer with the local committee in charge of the reception to Colonel Roosevelt, and to have the army cooperate, within the limits of the regulations, in the ceremonies.

POET IS ORDERED HOME

Immigration Officials Thinks He Has No Means.

New York, June 9.—The immigration authorities decided Thursday that to write prose and poetry is not a reliable means of livelihood. Their ruling was in the case of William Peterson, of local celebrity, to New York Scandinavians for his writings, who has lived in this country 12 years without ever taking out naturalization papers. When he returned Thursday after a brief visit to Denmark with only $24 in cash and could only give his pen as his means of support, he was excluded and then ordered deported.

Peterson is 50 years old and a bachelor of established good character. On the way over he aroused great enthusiasm among the immigrants by delivering an address on "America, and How to Succeed There."

Last of the Vespuccis.

London Globe.

There has just died at Florence the Countess Tahon. She was the last of the Vespucci family. Amerigo Vespucci, it is well known, gave his Christian name to the continent of America, and she traced her descent from the celebrated navigator. Half a century ago the Countess was a personage of note. She played her part in the Garibaldian movement, and she was an intimate friend of Mazzini. She was an object of suspicion to the Grand Duke Ferdinand when she took up her residence in Tuscany, and was under police surveillance. Her husband was a colonel in the French army, and saw service in the Crimea, where he was severely wounded. He died some years after the Lombardy campaign. For many years she had lived in modest retirement.

HAMILTON'S THRILLING FLIGHT

Makes Thrilling Voyage on Curtiss Aero to Philadelphia and Back, Stopping Twice and Beating Fast Express Train.

New York, June 13.—Charles K. Hamilton, the daring young American aviator, in a Curtiss biplane, made a wonderful flight today to Philadelphia and back to New York.

His outward trip was made without a hitch, but on his return, when near New York, he was obliged to alight in New Jersey. Repairs were quickly made and he continued his aerial voyage to Governor's island.

All records were broken by today's exploit for 172 miles covered with only two stops and in a total time of less than four hours.

On his flight to Philadelphia Hamilton kept even pace with the express train that accompanied him and on the return he ran well ahead of the train for a great part of the distance. His speed at times was 75 miles an hour.

On his return Hamilton turned southeast at Metuchen toward Prince's Bay. The special train that was following him lost sight of him a few minutes later at Menlo Park, and there was no further news of him until the telegraph wires brought the brief news: "Hamilton stuck in the swamps at Perth Amboy."

Fuller advices later established the fact that Hamilton had landed on the south shore of the Raritan river, two miles above Perth Amboy. His descent was deliberate, and he was not hurt, nor did it appear at first sight that his aeroplane was in any way damaged.

It was learned that Hamilton landed because his motor was working badly, largely, he thought, because he omitted cleaning the spark plugs during his stop in Philadelphia. A Perth Amboy garage furnished him with new plugs and he immediatley began preparations to renew his flight.

The fact is that Hamilton has made his journey from Governor's Island to Philadelphia with but seven cylinders working. His eighth cylinder went out of commission when he was at a height of 1,500 feet above the harbor. Nevertheless, the first leg of the trip was in every way a most remarkable success. Hamilton traveled the 88 miles from Governor's Island to the aviation field at North Penn Junction in 1 hour 50 minutes.

He left Governor's Island at 7:36 and alighted at 9:26. At Philadelphia he stopped 2 hours and 8 minutes for food, gasoline and oil, and rising again at 11:33, hurlred ahead of the special train, which had become tangled in the railway yards. For 35 miles the train chased him at a speed sometimes reaching 75 miles an hour before it caught up with him just after passing Lawrence, and finally came abreast of him two miles beyond Princeton Junction, 40 miles out. It was noticed then that his engine was coughing irregularly, and when he turned off from the tracks at Metuchin, sailing low over the treetops, it was realized that he thought it necessary to seek a landing place.

Hamilton was soon surrounded by a crowd of interested spectators when he landed on the south shore of Raritan river, half way between Sayreville and South Amboy. He said that as he was flying over Metuchen his engine began to miss explosions badly. Realizing that something was wrong with his spark plugs, and thinking to make New York before the engine gave out completely, he started down the Raritan river to make a short cut across Perth Amboy.

Hamilton's motor missed explosions so frequently, however, that he decided it was wiser to descend. Noting a big stretch of meadow on the south shore, he made for it and dropped easily. The ground was softer than it looked and he came down in mud ankle deep. He said, however, that with his spark plugs properly renewed he expected to have no difficulty in reascending.

FLIGHT TO PHILADELPHIA MADE WITHOUT A STOP

Philadelphia, June 13.—With a dull, leaden sky overhead, Charles K. Hamilton, the young aviator who has achieved world-wide fame in less than a year, today made the most daring flight of his career, traveling in his biplane from Governor's Island, New York, to a point on the outskirts of Philadelphia, a distance of 86 miles, in 113 minutes, unofficial time.

A feature of the wonderful achievement of the modest young operator of the machine was the ease with which he picked up and followed a train on the Pennsylvania railroad traveling with almost lightning speed. According to his program, he flew from Governor's Island to South Elizabeth, N. J., where the train was awaiting his appearance. From that point, town after town along the line reported the amazing fact that the train had passed "with Hamilton flying directly over it," occasionally, with the probable desire to give variety to his journey, he diverged a little. At Princeton, for instance, he went up near the old college town, so that the students and graduates gathered there for commencement week might have a chance to see him.

At the aviation field, four miles northeast from the centre of the city as the crow flies, a tremendous crowd awaited the arrival of the daring air man. An almost ideal landing cushion, composed of tall grass growing out of soft ground, had been selected. The field lies to the north of the Pennsylvania tracks near North Penn Junction, and it was surrounded by 500 policemen to keep back the crowd. All the mills in the neighborhood were shut down, and that section of Philadelphia took a holiday.

The crowd began gathering at 6 a. m. and patiently waited for news of Hamilton's start. Finally the signal flags erected on a tall pole told of Hamilton's leaving Governor's Island and other signals arranged by the New York Times and the Philadelphia Public Ledger, under whose auspices Hamilton made the journey.

It was a misty morning and the range of vision did not extend very far, but the crowds patiently waited. Then a report came that Hamilton had crossed into Pennsylvania, and it did not seem long before a shout went up from the eastern edge of the crowd that Hamilton was in sight. Sure enough there he was high in the air directly over the special train. A moment later he was in plain view of all, and then a tremendous cheer went up. Flying steadily and true, Hamilton rapidly approached and when he was within a few yards of the field he swerved rapidly to the right and crossed the field.

The daring aviator circled the field several times and then swooped down like a sea gull after a fish.

He landed easily, but before he could get out of his machine the crowd broke through the police lines and rushed at Hamilton. The aviator was, however, quickly surrounded by a cordon of police. The first thing he asked for when he stepped out was a cigaret. He was as cool as if he had just alighted from an automobile ride.

Governor Stuart was on the field to welcome Hamilton. To the governor he said that it was the best trip he had ever made. "I had the machine in perfect control all the way and could have stayed up indefinitely if I had desired. I circled the field three times to show the crowd that I was able to keep up longer. The only drawback to the journey was the dampness and the chill. Most of the trip was misty and at times I could not see the train and seldom saw the people at the stations."

BEATS EXPRESS TRAIN DURING RETURN TRIP

Philadelphia, June 13.—Hamilton started on his return trip at 11:30 a. m. The crowd cheered him until he was out of sight. All the factory whistles also gave him a farewell blast.

After taking his bi-plane apart upon his arrival here the aviator was brought into the city for luncheon at a hotel, and immediately returned to the field, where he superintended the filling of the gasoline tank. After spending a little time in tuning up his engine he said he was ready for the start.

Putting on his rubber coat, he got into the seat of his machine, and, placing two inflated automobile tubes around his body, he gave instructions to spectators to start him. Four men gently pushed the machine down the field for about 70 feet, and then it began to rise. The bi-plane went up at a sharp angle to about 200 feet. Hamilton then adjusted the machine, turned her course east on the railroad, and started off. He moved rapidly and was soon out of sight. The special train was a little late in getting away.

Jersey City, June 13.—The special train arrived here at 1:14, Hamilton having left the line of the railroad between Newark and Jersey City and being lost to view of those on the train.

New York, June 13.—The aviator's friends on the special train figure that Hamilton was due at Governor's Island at 1:18, but at that time there was no sign of the bi-plane. Those on the train lost sight of Hamilton at Menlo park, where he sailed away in a southeasterly direction.

New York, June 13.—Hamilton was due at Governor's Island between 1:15 and 1:20 p. m., but up to 1:45 he had not been seen at the island. He was last seen flying low, near Menlo park, headed southeast. He has not since been located.

Trenton, N. J., June 13.—Hamilton, on his return trip, passed through here at 12:11, five minutes ahead of the special train.

Princeton Junction, N. J., June 13.—Between Trenton and Princeton Junction the train made a burst of speed and passed this point 12:15, only one minute behind the flying machine.

Monmouth Junction, N. J., June 13.—Hamilton passed through here 42 7-10 miles from the start, at 12:25. The special train caught up to him at this point.

Rapway, N. J., June 18.—Hamilton left this town behind at 12:50. He was 64 7-10 miles from the start.

Elizabeth, N. J., June 13.—Hamilton passed here at 12:58. He was then 70 miles from the start.

BIG AEROS FALL

Six Injured at Budapest, Two of Whom Are Dying.

Budapest, June 10.—Trapped beneath the bent and twisted wreckage of a huge biplane, six women were seriously injured at the aviation exhibition. Two of them are lying at the point of death in local hospitals and are not expected to live. The machine, driven by the German aeronaut, Frey, was making a spectacular turn in front of the grand stand, when the steering gear snapped, and the machine dashed into the crowd of spectators. Frey was not injured.

Three other aviators also met mishaps. Latham, Andree and Bialiovuci fell, but these accidents occurred in the open ground in the middle of the field, and one one was injured. The aviators themselves escaped uninjured in every case.

Much discussion is being heard regarding the action of Berlin authorities in fining Aviator Frey, who astonished and delighted the citizens of that city by flying over the capital, for imperiling the safety of the population. The authorities held that aviation is not perfect enough to allow aviators to fly over populated areas.

Aero Kills a Woman.

Worcester, England, June 10.—One woman was killed and several persons were injured here today when Aviator Dartigan fell among a crowd of spectators at an exhibition flight. More than 20,000 persons witnessed the accident. Early in the day Dartigan experienced much trouble with his engine, but made several short flights. In the afternoon he circled the field several times, passing over the heads of the spectators. It was during one of these trips that the aviator seemed to lose control of his machine.

The big biplane, which was about 60 feet above the earth, suddenly halted in its flight and made a swoop toward the crowd below. Before the spectators had time to flee several were buried under the ruins of the machine. The aviator was uninjured and explained that the steering device which controls the forward planes had jammed, and that he had lost control of the flyer.

BODY OF WOMAN FOUND

Was Packed in Trunk With Letters and Photograph.

Como, Italy, June 10.—Fishermen today discovered submerged in a lake near the village of Moltrasio, a trunk, which, when towed ashore and opened, was found to contain the body of a woman, believed by the police to be an American.

Wounds on the head indicated that the woman had been murdered. The body was wrapped in a piece of cloth which bore the initials "G. L." The trunk also contained a letter written in English and the photograph of a young woman, evidently the victim.

It is recalled that a young couple recently occupied a villa on the shore of the lake. Three days ago the two disappeared, and were not again seen by the people of the vicinity. The woman spoke English. Her companion attempted French, but obviously it was not his native tongue.

TRUNK MYSTERY CLUES

Examination of Body Shows Woman Died From Suffocation.

Como, Italy, June 11.—The police are bending all their energies to solve the mysterious murder of an American woman believed to be Mrs. Porter Carlton, of New York, formerly Mary C. Scott, of San Francisco, whose body was found tied in a trunk at the bottom of Lake Como yesterday.

Porter Carlton, the young husband who was on a wedding tour with his bride up to the time of the disappearance of the couple, has not yet been located. Constantine Ispolatoff, a Russian, who has been seen frequently with the couple, is held in custody. The man whom the police are particularly anxious to get hold of is in Switzerland, where he fled immediately after the murder. There is no authoritative statement as to who he is.

The post mortem examination of the body was made today. This revealed that the woman died from suffocation. It was found that there were seven wounds on the head, sufficient to render her unconscious, but they were not regarded as of a nature to cause death. The victim expired some time after her body had been wrapped up in the trunk. The wrapping had been done with a strip of cloth, and the body was crowded into the trunk along with some letters and personal effects. Aside from the wounds disclosed at the post mortem, the body showed certain abnormal conditions upon which the doctors reserved expressing an opinion.

The police are working hard to reconstruct the mysterious circumstances of the crime. Their investigations show that the trunk and its contents were found to be too heavy to be carried to the lake by one person and that the individual who first attempted this task called to his assistance an accomplice.

The steps of both men were heard when they left the villa bordering the lake, carrying a heavy weight. Ispolatoff, the Russian who figures in the affair, was arrested especially because the day before the murder he is said to have made inquiries of fishermen concerning the depth of the lake at the spot where the trunk was found.

Washington, June 11.—That one of former admirers may have been at the bottom of the mystery involving the finding of a trunk containing the body of Mrs. Mary Scott Castle Carlton in Lake Como, Italy, yesterday, is suspected by Paul Carlton, father-in-law of the unfortunate woman. Mr. Carlton, who is a law clerk of the bureau of insular affairs in the war department, returned late last night from Atlantic City. Speaking of the tragedy Mr. Carlton said: "From the few details available I believe that Porter, my son, is dead also. From the cheerful tone of his last letter I am inclined to believe that some one, possibly one of their former admirers who followed them to Italy, is at the bottom of the tragedy.

Judge Carlton has asked Secretary Knox to have the state department, through its representatives in Italy, make an investigation in the Lake Como mystery, and also to try to learn the whereabouts of his son, Porter Carlton, husband of the murdered woman. The department acted promptly on the request and has taken the matter up with the American embassy at Rome by cable.

Wilmington, Del., June 11.—Mrs. Mary Scott Castle Carlton was married in Wilmington on March 12, this year, to Porter Carlton, the marriage ceremony being performed at Old Swedes' church by the vicar, Rev. Albert A. Clay. So far as is known, the couple were here merely long enough to be married, and it is presumed they left immediately after the ceremony.

According to the marriage certificate, which is on file at the health office, the names of the contracting parties were given as Porter Carlton, aged 25 years, and Mary Castle, aged 27, and both gave New York as their residence. The bride said she was born in Nevada and the groom gave Nebraska as his birthplace.

The record of the marriage on file at Old Swedes' church shows that Mr. Carlton declared himself a bachelor, and Miss Castle a spinster. Mr. Carlton gave his parents as Paul Carlton and Elizabeth Patton Denniton Carlton, and Mrs. Carlton gave her parent's as Henry Harrison Scott and Annie Wyatt Robinson Scott.

AVIATOR FALLS 150 FEET

Willard Escapes With Bruises, but Biplane Is Badly Damaged.

Springfield, Mo., June 13.—Prompt action on the part of Charles F. Willard, who made an ascension in an aeroplane Sunday, caused the almost complete destruction of his machine, but prevented it from swooping down into the crowd of spectators. As it was, the biplane fell 150 feet and landed about 20 yards from the crowd, breaking the engine and severely bruising the aviator.

Willard was sailing 150 feet in the air when the engine suddenly stopped. The biplane darted downward directly toward the center of the crowd. The aviator, instead of trying to right the machine, turned his entire attention to preventing it from falling into the crowd.

DEAN LAW INDICTMENTS

Ohio Brewers Prosecuting Four Saloonists in Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, June 11.—Four saloon proprietors of Cincinnati were indicted by the Hamilton county grand jury yesterday after that body had heard evidence collected by the Ohio Vigilance Bureau. The presentments charge the men with conducting nuisances in violation of the law.

The cases have attracted considerable attention, as they were the first results of a campaign which the brewery interests have announced is to be carried on in all wet territory in the state. The brewers claim that if "dives" and objectionable saloons are eliminated, prohibition sentiment will become a thing of the past.

These are the first cases of this nature since the Dean law became effective.

How to Make Calf Drink.

Philadelphia Times.

Ellis H. Parker, detective, of Burlington, county, N. J., is a great gunner. He often goes shooting in Salem county, where he knows all the men in public life and likes them.

"The sheriff of Salem county is a fine man," he said, "as fine a man as you will find anywhere. But once upon a time the sheriffs of Salem county were know to be mighty drinkers.

"I remember once," continued Parker, "that a farmer down in Salem county had a calf which he wanted to teach to drink. He tried to get the animal to drink, but all his efforts were unavailing.

"'What do you think of this, Mandy?' he asked his wife. 'That calf won't drink.'

"'Well, Jake,' said Mandy, 'that's too bad. But if you really want to learn that calf to drink, you'd better elect him sheriff of Salem county.'

"Which says a lot for the good old days," added Parker.

25 ARE DEAD IN MONTREAL FIRE

Girls and Men Perish With Rescuing Party Almost Within Reach, Held Back By Fiery Wall That Shoots Through Ruined Building.

Montreal, June 13.—Twenty-five persons are dead and 30 injured, several fatally, as the result of a fire that destroyed the newspaper plant of the Montreal Herald today. Many are said to have been carried down into the ruins by a water tank which crashed through the building when the fire started.

Bindery girls and linotype men fell through the huge gap in the floors of the building and were quickly buried under machinery and timbers.

The crowds assembled outside the burning building could plainly hear the shouts of the dying inside, while the flames were slowly traveling toward them, but practically nothing could be done to save them.

All the members of the editorial department escaped uninjured, the dead and dying being mostly confined to the employes of the bindery and the composing room.

The flames were first confined to the upper floors of the building, but, although all the available fire apparatus turned out, it was impossible to control the fire, which was fanned by a strong wind.

Inspector McMahon, of the police force, called upon those around him to organize a rescue party, but a tremendous wall of flame suddenly rising from the basement, made it impossible to enter the building.

The bodies of the dead are buried beneath tons of twisted machines and heavy debris in the basement of the building. Many of the dead met their death in slow torture. Flames crept slowly upon them as they lay helpless and as a rescue party was fighting nearby to penetrate the building.

The victims were swept downward through the building by a huge water tank which plunged from roof to cellar. Almost instantly there was an explosion of gas from severed pipes which hung about the immense jagged hole.

Flames, fanned by a stiff wind, were soon sweeping through the upper floors of the building. Scores of persons in the editorial and other departments had to fight for their lives through smoke and wreckage. The fire department, promptly on hand, could make little impression on the increasing flames. Cries of the buried victims rose over the shouts of the firemen, and the crowd which quickly gathered.

Although the flames were steadily creeping down the building, it appeared for a time as if some who had been hurled to the basement might be rescued. The police headed a rescue party, which, protected by a water curtain formed by streams from fire hose, tried to enter the building. With the opening of the doors the groans and cries of those pinned in the ruins became more distinct. But just within a massive wall of flame suddenly arose. Gradually the cries died out. All attempts to rescue soon had to be abandoned.

When the 10,000-gallon water tank crashed from its support on the roof and cut through the building, the plant was working at full force. The collapse of the tank carried with it the stereotype room, and immediately caused the outbreak of fire which hampered the work of rescue and was responsible for some of the loss of life.

The fall of the tank cut the building in two, and employes in the rear portion were swept down with the wreck. Those in the front escaped uninjured and rushed to the windows. Girls in the bindery, in the upper part of the structure, were cool in the face of danger, and clung to the windows until rescued by firemen.

The chaplain of the fire department, Father Martin, succeeded in entering the basement. He gave general absolution. He found one man pinned under a beam and soothed him until the firemen were able to cut away the obstacle that held the victim.

The fire raged for almost three hours before it was controlled. The loss on building and plant is estimated at $450,000, on which there is an insurance of $275,000.

PLEA FOR TEMPERANCE

President Hoster of Brewers Sights Reform Era.

Washington, June 8.—An attack on prohibition by Representative Henry Sherman Boutell, of Illinois, and a prediction by President Carl J. Hoster, of the United States Brewers' association, that the time would come when the brewer would be found working with the "real and practical reformers" in the interest of temperance, were the salient features of the fiftieth annual convention of the brewers at the opening session Wednesday.

Representative Boutell advocated temperance in all things, characterizing it as "closely allied and almost akin to strength." President Hoster, in his annual address to the 500 delegates assembled from all parts of the country, declared that he had no apology to make for being a brewer and that he recognized every brewer as a promoter of "true temperance."

REFUSE AUTO FOR CANNON

House Again Cuts Out Joy Wagon for the Speaker.

Washington, June 11.—Without debate the house Friday voted to further insist on its disagreement to the senate amendments to the legislative, executive and judicial bill, making appropriations for the expenses of automobiles for the vice president and the speaker of the house.

All other portions of the conference report were agreed to and the conferees will again endeavor to come to some understanding upon the provisions for automobiles.

FRUIT FINE ON COASTS

New England and Pacific Slope Favored.

Washington, June 10.—Splendid prospects for fruit in New England and the Pacific Coast states almost counterbalance the poor showing of the central states, where early frost got in some telling work, says a report by the department of agriculture. The condition of the apple crop is reported to be more than eight points below last year's crop or 53.0 as compared with a normal condition.

The 10 year average for apples is 69.8. In New England and on the Pacific coast, the crop promises to be immense, but in such big apple states as Ohio and Missouri there will be only about one-third of a crop. On the other hand, the peach crop, due to the excellent prospects in such states as Georgia and Delaware, promises to be larger than last year, the condition on June 1 being 62.0 as compared with 54.1 last year and a 10 year average of 65.0. The central states will produce a poor crop it appears now.

Frost evidently nipped the briar blossoms, for the condition of blackberries was estimated at 80.0 as compared with 90.0 last year, and for the last four years. Raspberries were estimated at 79.2 as compared with 88.4 last year and 82.1 the four year average. The watermelon and the canteloupe crops will be slightly off, it appears, as the former was estimated at 77.4 as compared with 81.5 a year ago and the latter 77.8 as compared with 81.8 a year ago. Sugar cane was reported at 84.7 as compared with 90.6 and sugar beets at 90.5 as compared with 89.0.

To Be Ted Junior's Bride

This photograph was taken as Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Miss Eleanor Alexander, his fiancee, were leaving the home of Miss Alexander in Forty-second street, New York. They are to be married on June 20.

FREE Superflous Hair Cure

Will Be Sent to Any Lady. This Remedy Removes Any Hairy Growth and Positively Will Not Burn the Skin.

Just cut out the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive by return mail Free, a liberal trial package of a sure and unfailing harmless remedy which has cured thousands. There is nothing to pay. This remedy positively will not burn or mar the most tender skin and is the only remedy on earth of which this can be truthfully said. This is your chance to get rid of objectionable hair without cost.

FREE TREATMENT.

Fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and send it to Ko-Rec-tiv Co., 5105 State St., Chicago, Ill. We will send at once a free trial bottle that will show you what Elec-tro-la will do for you. M 4234.

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WIND AIDS BIG BLAZE

Six City Blocks of Seattle Destroyed—500 People Homeless.

Seattle, Wash., June 11.—Fire that broke out on the northern water front during a storm last night was carried by the wind to a district to the eastward, thickly covered by wooden buildings, and in a short time 20 acres were ablaze, causing a loss of $1,000,000 and rendering 500 people homeless.

The fire starting at Railroad avenue and Battery street, destroyed all the buildings on six city blocks and picked out a wooden house here and there in the surrounding district not entirely fire swept. When the flames were at their height, burning brands set fire to houses several blocks from the main fire.

Alarming reports of loss of life were circulated, but so far as can be learned, there were no fatalities.

Just as the firemen had begun to despair of saving a large and populous area east of Second avenue, the wind suddenly abated and a brisk rain began to fall, materially aiding the fire fighters by quenching coals blown to roofs of houses.

So far as is known only three persons were seriously hurt, although many firemen were slightly injured.

Sixty horses were burned in a stable on Railroad avenue.

BIG GROWTH IS SHOWN

Electric Industry Is Making Rapid Progress.

Washington, June 10.—The magnitude of the central electric station industry in the United States in the census year 1907, as compared with the census year 1902, and the growth during the intervening five-year period, are shown in the census bureau's special report, now in press, on the second United States census of the central electric light and power stations for the year 1907, prepared by William M. Steuart, chief statistician for manufactures, in conformity with the act of congress of June 7, 1906, requiring the collection of such statistics at five-year periods.

The central electric stations are defined in the report as those which, exclusive of isloated electric plants, furnish electrical energy for lighting and heating, and power for manufacturing and mining purposes, for street railways and elevators, for charging batteries, etc.

In 1902 the annual output of all electric stations and electric railways amounted to 4,768,535,512 kilowatt hours. In 1907 the output of the two classes of stations was 10,621,406,837 kilowat hours, or 122.7 per cent. In 1902 the output by electric railways formed 47.4 per cent of the total, but by 1907 the proportion for such railways had fallen to 44.9 per cent.

Consolidations of the two branches of the industry and the growing tendency of the railway companies to sell electricity for commercial purposes are referred to in the report, which further states that the separate statistics of the central stations are, therefore, not representative of all the electrical energy sold for general commercial purposes. It is observed that during the five years ending with 1907 the central stations increased more rapidly than the electric railways.

The number of commercial and municipal plants increased from 3,620 in 1902 to 4,714 in 1907, the increase amounting to 1,094, or 30.2 per cent. The application of the same rate of increase to the estimated number of isolated plants in 1902 gives an estimate of 65,000 for 1907. To what extent the utilization of surplus power in the operation of private electric plants to furnish light and power for large mills, department stores, hotels, and other industrial enterprises has stimulated the increase in these plants it is, the report declares, impossible to state, and notice is given that the estimate, therefore, may be more or less than the actual number of isolated plants in existence.

There were in 1907, according to the report, upward of 30,000 individuals, companies, corporations and municipalities, exclusive of isolated electric plants, which reported the generation or utilization of electric current in what may be termed "commercial enterprises."

The industries represent an outstanding capitalization of $6,209,746,753, of which amount $1,567,338,836 is credited to central electric stations—$3,774,722,096 to electric railways, $814,616,004 to commercial or mutual telephone companies, and $253,019,817 to telegraph companies, the latter item including $32,726,242, the capital stock of wireless telegraph companies. The capitalization of the 17,702 independent farmer or rural telephone lines and of the 1,157 electric police-patrol and fire-alarm systems could not be ascertained.

1909 CROP BEST EVER

Washington, D. C., June 10.—Although the cotton crop of the United States in 1909 was the smallest produced since 1903, its value was 19.2 per cent more than that of 1908 and, measured by its yarn-producing quality and by the financial results to the growers, it was the most valuable ever produced.

This statement is taken from the proof sheets of the United States Census Bureau's bulletin 107 on the production of cotton in 1909, prepared by William M. Steuart, chief statistician for manufactures, assisted by Special Agent Daniel C. Roper. The bulletin will issue from the press of the government printing office in a short time.

The estimated value of the 1909 crop is given by the bulletin as $812,089,833, as compared with $681,230,956 for 1908; $700,956,011 for 1907; $721,647,237 for 1906, and $632,298,332 for 1905. The amount of difference between the 1909 and 1908 values is therefore $130,858,877, an increase of 19.2 per cent, as stated.

The figures as finally compiled for the crop of 1909, including linters and counting round as half bales, show 10,388,208 ginning bales, which, expressed in 500-pound bales, amounted to 10,313,382 bales, which is 3,271,924 bales, or 24.1 per cent less than the total for 1908.

QUAKE IN CALIFORNIA

Santa Clara, Cal., June 10.—Four distinct earth shocks were registered by both seismographs at Santa Clara college at 10:31 last night. The entire movement lasted about three minutes. The general movement was from north to south.

CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS

Along Chesapeake & Ohio Ry., as low as $10.00 per acre. Send for illustrated booklet, "COUNTRY LIFE IN VIRGINIA," it describes the mild climate, all-year farming, dairying, poultry and stock raising, nearby Eastern markets, schools, etc., and why land is now so cheap. Low twice-a-month excursion rates. C. B. WALL, REAL ESTATE AGT., C. & O. RY., Box F Richmond, Va.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Government employes wanted, $600 to $1,500; examinations announced everywhere July 15S. Preparation free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. U 82, Rochester, N. Y.

"BATTER UP"—The latest base ball craze. Tremendous hit. Not for boys, but the real thing for men. Intensely fascinating. Ball players wild over it. First edition almost gone. Endorsed by big league players. Money refunded if returned within ten days. Price fifty cents. Fenner Co., 625 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

DOGS GUARD INVALID

Kept Neighbors Away From Sick Woman.

New York, June 14.—Faithfully watching over their stricken mistress, who had been rendered insensible by an attack of illness, two large dogs, which for years had been her companions, and guardians, were shot and killed by Policeman John O'Grady because they held everybody at bay who tried to reach the bedside of the woman in her home, at 1,616 Eighty-fifth street, Bath Beach.

O'Grady, with other policemen and neighbors, tried in vain to draw the dogs away. Efforts were made to lasso them. The dogs charged O'Grady and the others and at times just missed biting them.

After the woman, Mrs. Jennie Lindsey, 72 years old, was revived by physicians and learned that her faithful animals had been killed while defending her, she became hysterical and cried for their return.

The aged woman has lived alone for many years in the house in Eighty-fifth street. Her only companions have been two watch-dogs, which have accompanied her on all her walks from the house and which have spent the rest of the time on guard in the front yard.

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Pauline Buckmiller and Miss Pauline Haggerly noticed that all the shades in Mrs. Lindsey's house were drawn. They waited until yesterday afternoon before they tried to enter the dwelling. Then they tried to climb through a window. They saw Mrs. Lindsey lying on the floor, while near her stood the two dogs, barking furiously. The women retreated and sent for a policeman. Policeman O'Grady responded, and he, too, became alarmed because of the demonstration made by the dogs.

When he decided that it was impossible to lure or drive the animals away from their mistress he shot and killed both of them. He then called Dr. F. S. Duffy, of 148 Bay Sixteenth street, and asked that Mrs. Lindsey be taken to a hospital. Although her condition was serious she refused to be removed from her home.

DOCTOR SHOT FOR NEGLECT

Teamster Fires at Physician, Declaring He Had Not Cured Him.

St. Louis, Mo., June 14.—Dr. John M. Grant, one of the best known physicians of this city, was shot twice and probably fatally wounded by Aloysius W. Rayne, a driver for a department store, yesterday. The physician was alighting from his automobile in front of his office when he was attacked.

Rayne was arrested in a stable to which he had driven after the shooting. One of the bullets passed through Dr. Grant's body. A stenographer said the shooting followed Dr. Grant's orders to the driver to move his wagon from the curb.

Rayne at the police station said he had been a patient of Dr. Grant and that the treatment he had received had failed to cure him of nervous trouble. He said the physician seemed to neglect him.

At the hospital after Dr. Grant was operated on it was said he probably would recover.

U. S. CHARGES CROOKEDNESS

Says Butter Board Quotations Are Under Regular Market Price.

Chicago, June 14.—Largely as a result of testimony adduced by the senate committee on cost of living, the federal government yesterday began an attack on the Chicago butter and egg board. United States District Attorney Sims filed a petition in the United States circuit court seeking to enjoin the board from issuing quoations and asking its dissolution.

The gist of the charge against the board is that its quotations committees send broadcast quotations, which during the last three years have varied from ½ cen to 1¼ cent under the actual price in the open market. In this way, it is charged, "insiders" on the board play those who are members of the quotations committee, buying from original producers at a lower price than dealers who go into the open market.

SEARCH RUINS FOR BODIES

Slow Progress Is Made at Scene of Montreal Fire.

Montreal, June 14.—An all-night search of the ruins of the Herald building, which was destroyed by fire yesterday, brought to light but one additional victim, making in all three recovered up to 10 o'clock today.

Relays of police and firemen are digging at the ruins and it will be at least 36 hours more before the basement, which is believed to contain the bodies of 26 additional victims, is reached.

STATE ORCHARD INSPECTOR

Columbus, June 14.—E. J. Hoddy, of Columbus, was yesterday appointed an inspector in the state department of agriculture. He is a graduate of the Ohio State university, and has been in the employment of the federal department of agriculture for several years. He will make inspections of both orchards and apiaries.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of such men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 2958 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

INTENDED NO OFFENSE

Vatican Makes Peace With Germany.

Berlin, June 14.—The vatican has replied to the protest of the Prussian government against the encyclical issued by the pope on the occasion of the ter-centennial of the cannonization of St. Charles' Borromeo. The reply disavows any intention of offending German Protestants and says that the encyclical is withdrawn so far as Germany is concerned.

In the encyclical the pope in extolling Borromeo as the champion of Catholicism against the Protestant reformation said that he established at the time of the Council of Trent that the principles of Catholicism had been undermined by Martin Luther. The reference was resented by German Protestants, and in reply to an interpellation in the Prussian Diet Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg said that the matter had been taken up with the vatican.

Today the government published an abstract of the correspondence with Rome. The results are set forth as follows: "First—The curia expresses regret over the whole affair; second, it repeats the assurance that the encyclical was not intended to insult either the German people or German Protestants; third, the bishops not alone of Prussia, but of all Germany, have been directed by the pope not to make the encyclical known in their dioceses; and fourth, the curia authorizes the publication of the correspondence."

ABOLISHES CHURCH DOOR FEE

Pope Ends Practice That Laity in America Condemned.

New York, June 14.—The latest reform document of Pope Pius X., as interpreted in the Ecclesiastical Review, the official organ of the clergy of this country, will do away with the practice of collecting a church door fee at services.

This custom has been condemned from time to time by the laity of America, but has not been abolished because it was realized that in many parishes there were persons who shirked their part of the responsibility for the support of their churches. In his latest document the pope says the admission collection savors too much of the demanding of money at a place of amusement and therefore is not becoming for the church.

The papal bull also requires of the bishops a statement of the exact use made of the money so collected.

MANY DROWN IN FLOOD

Two Hundred Lives Lost in River Ahr.

Cologne, Germany, June 14.—It is estimated that 200 persons lost their lives in the flood that swept the valley of the river Ahr, in the Eifel region. Eighty-seven bodies had been recovered today. These were found along the river banks tossed high by the flood or left stranded as the waters subsided.

A report received here today says that 50 lives were lost at the village of Schult when a bridge which was crowded with persons watching the turbulent waters was carried away. Throughout the Ahr valley only one bridge is left standing.

Numerous storms in the region had made the stream unusually high and as a result of an unusually heavy downpour Sunday night the river Ahr suddenly overflowed, the water carrying death and destruction in its path. The great loss of life occured where two barracks, containing Italian and Croatian laborers employed on the railway were swept away. The inmates were surprised in their sleep and generally were unable to help themselves.

SLAIN IN BOWERY HOTEL

Victim Was With Man Who Claimed to Be Brother.

New York, June 14.—A man whose name is given by the police as Frank Stickett, and who is believed to have come here recently from Baltimore, was found murdered today in a Bowery hotel. A revolver bullet had entered his left temple causing instant death, physicians said. There was no trace of the revolver. The victim of the murder was registered with another man at the hotel early today as "John Stickett and brother Frank."

The supposed brother was not to be found when the body was discovered. The clothing of the dead man apparently was purchased in Baltimore. The name of that city on his clothing and the card of a New York electrical concern in a coat pocket were the only clews left to aid a search for the man's antecedents. He was apparently an Englishman about 23 years of age.

ONCE WEALTHY, HE WANDERS

Former Buffalo Millionaire Picked Up in Chicago.

Chicago, June 14.—The police have in custody a man believed to be R. H. Edmeston, a former dry goods merchant of Buffalo. The prisoner was found wandering in the streets last night, his only possessions an empty purse, a razor and an emblem of a lodge.

According to the police, the man once owned two large stores in Buffalo and at one time was reputed to be worth $2,000,000.

The police say that the supposed Edweston was placed in an eastern sanitarium, whence he escaped two years ago. To every question, the man merely answers, "there, there," and that is all he will say. The lodge emblem found on the man shows him to be a member of the Mystic Shrine of the Zem Zem temple, of Erie, Pa.

WILL SUCCEED TOLEDOAN

Isaac E. Hoffman to Become Head of Ohio Odd Fellows.

Alliance, June 14.—The grand lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows will convene in this city, Tuesday, June 21, and remain in session until June 24. Delegates from all over the state will be present.

The special feature of the session will be the installing of Isaac E. Hoffman of Oxford, as grand master to succeed Grand Master Frank H. Foster, of Toledo. Harris lodge of Wellsville, will exemplify the second degree Thursday evening, and the local lodge will present the first degree at the opening.

TOUR HAS FEW ENTRIES

Only Nineteen Cars Start on This Year's Great Glidden Event.

Cincinnati, June 14.—Twenty-seven cars, half the usual number of starters were lined up for the word when the 1910 Glidden tour started from Government square today. Of these 15 were contestants for the Glidden trophy and 12 were entered for the Chicago trophy, a prize available for machines in the runabout classes.

In addition to the contesting cars there were three automobiles for officials of the tour, four for newspaper men and several for emergency use. One of the newspaper cars carried block, rope and tackle and in addition a big box on the front, built in two compartments and labelled "first aid for the injured."

Automobile enthusiasts of this vicinity were out in force to see the start and nearly 100 escorting machines, most of them manned by members of the Automobile Club of Cincinnati, left the city with the tourists. It was planned by many of the escorts to "blaze the way" for the contestants as far as Louisville, where the first night stop is scheduled.

The route of this year's tour, which is the seventh in the Glidden series, covers 2,851 miles and passes through 13 states.

The list of entrants and pilots follows:

Glidden Trophy.

1—Premier.....Ray F. McNamara
2—Premier...Charles L. Ballinger
3—Chalmers.....Joe Gardham
4—Chalmers.....Joe Watson
5—Chalmers.....Bill Bolger
6—Cole.....Harry Knight
7—Maxwell.....H. E. Wells
8—Cartercar.....W. C. Mahoney
9—Parry.....L. M. Dull
10—Glide.....Fred Castle
11—Ohio.....J. W. Stockard
12—Ohio.....Ben Hillock
14—Penna.....Morris O'Donnell
15—Cino—Chicago Trophy, Walter Donnelly.
100—Moline.....C. H. Vandervoort
101—Moline.....J. A. Wicke
102—Moline.....F. G. Salisbury
103—Lexington.....J. C. Moore
104—Cole "30".....A. L. Martin
105—Parry.....George Neff
106—Falcar.....C. F. Vansicklen
107—Maxwell.....J. Illingworth
108—Cartercar.....Ray Landsheft
109—Cartercar.....F. R. Pendleton
110—Lexington.....E. O. Hays
111—Westcott.....C. C. Bevington

Non-contestants.

Cadillac, gun car.....A. P. Davidson
Cadillac, gun car.....E. C. Garland
Rapid Car.....J. Carey
Diamond Rubber Co. car...
The Goodrich Car.....

Official Cars.

Referee's car—Columbia..J. J. Coffee
Tour secretary's—Reo.....
Pilot car—Chalmers.....J. R. Aude

Press Cars.

Chalmers.....Ralph Robittaille
Cutting .....
Cutting .....
Halliday.....L. F. Foss
Great Western.....
Westcott.....J. T. Glover

Those who planned this run claim that it will test every car in the event to the utmost. At times the pathfinder car, which went over the territory several weeks ago, had the utmost difficulty in getting through.

One noticeable feature of the field this year is the small number of heavy touring cars. Most of the contestants are light compared to previous tours and are of types that have proven themselves capable of standing up under rough going.

Arrive in Lexington.

Lexington, Ky., June 14.—After a fast 80 mile trip over specially prepared roads the Glidden tourists made their first stop out of Cincinnati here at noon. The pilot car arrived at 9:50 o'clock, an hour and 40 minutes after leaving Cincinnati, and contestants were coming in from that time until shortly after noon. All cars arrived in good condition, and began leaving here shortly after 1 o'clock for the run to Louisville, where the night will be spent.

2,500 OHIO MINERS IDLE

Strike Begins in Coal Mines of Sub District No. 5.

Canton, June 14.—The miners' strike was begun yesterday in the north end of subdistrict No. 5 except in cases where the operators have signed the scale.

Work has been suspended in all other mines of this district and it is estimated that 2,500 men are idle.

This strike was brought about by the failure of the joint scale committee of miners and operators to come to an agreement in Canton last week. The miners gave up the plan to sign the operators up in a body, but allowed them to come to their terms as individuals if they wished to operate their mines.

SUIT TO TEST AIKEN TAX

Saloonists in Dry County Would Rush Hearing.

Columbus, June 14.—The Newark saloonists who are trying to knock out the Aiken Dow tax liquor law and who contend that it violates the federal constitution, have asked Attorney General Denmen to join with them in a request to the supreme court to take up one of the 40 cases filed in that court in which the law is attacked and decide it so that one appeal can be taken to the United States court in behalf of all the suits, as the questions raised by all are practically identical.

A further request is to be made that the Ohio court withhold action in other cases pending the outcome of the case to be taken to Washington, and that it be made decisive for the others.

CUSTER RELICS FOR MUSEUM

After Stay in Monroe They Will Be Sent to Washington.

Monroe, Mich., June 14.—Mrs. Gen. Custer has returned to Monroe after a short visit with relatives in Saginaw. Yesterday afternoon she inspected the Custer relics now preserved in a room in the Armory opera house, and stated that the final disposition of these things would be in the National Museum at Washington, D. C., although for the present they would remain at Monroe.

Arrangements are being made for a visit by her at Brier Rose fete at St. Mary's college this afternoon, and she leaves for her New York home Wednesday.

FREE, 24 PINTS LAGER BEER

Equal to the Finest Milwaukee or St. Louis Beer, and Is Free in Order to Quickly Introduce in Every Home.

To introduce our famous "Ambrew" Lager Beer in every household, we will send free to all who send us their name and address enough "Ambrew" Beer Extract for 24 full pints of real lager beer which we know to be equal to and purer than the finest lager beer ever brewed in the best equipped brewery in America. Nothing from Milwaukee or St. Louis can possibly be better. We use nothing but the very finest quality of malt and hops. Our famous "Ambrew" Lager Beer is far superior to any bottled or saloon beer you ever bought or tasted and once you try "Ambrew" you will never have any other kind. Thousands of satisfied customers.

We are brewmasters of 20 years' experience and we will give you the benefit of what we know about brewing. We will supply you with our famous "Ambrew" Beer Extract and you can make your own lager beer for less than seven cents a gallon. Just think of it. The finest lager beer equal to any beer from Milwaukee or St. Louis at less than 7 cents a gallon. Enclose 25c in stamps or silver to help pay cost of packing, mail it at once and we will ship enough original and the only genuine "Ambrew" Beer Extract to make 24 full pints of genuine lager beer direct to you all charges prepaid. You will then realize what a fine Lager Beer you can always have and save all the enormous brewery and saloon profits. Address **American Products Co., 442 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.**

Schedule of Glidden Tour

	Starting Point.	Noon Stops.	Miles.	Finish.	Day's Mileage.
June 14	Cincinnati.....	Lexington, Ky.....	83.3	Louisville 162	
15	Louisville.....	Bowling Green, Ky..130		Nashville, Tenn.193.9	
16	Nashville.....	Columbia, Tenn.....	41.5	Sheffield, Ala...119.7	
17	Sheffield.....	Corinth, Miss.....	62.1	Memphis, Tenn.161.7	
18	Memphis.....	Clarendon, Ark.....112.2		Little Rock.....207.7	
19	Little Rock.....	.....		Hot Springs.....	53.3
20	Hot Springs....	Prescott, Ark.....	84	Texarkana, Ark.138.3	
21	Texarkana.....	Paris, Tex.....	97.2	Dallas, Texas...217.1	
22	Dallas.....	Terral, Okla.....130		Lawton, Ok.....200.7	
23	Lawton.....	Chickasha, Okla.....	64.6	.....	
	.....	El Reno, Okla.....112.4		Oklahoma City..145.3	
24	Oklahoma City.	Enid, Okla.....100.0		Wichita, Kan...216.0	
25	Wichita.....	Emporia 108.8		Kansas City.....234.5	
26	at Kansas City.				
27	Kansas City....	Maryville, Mo.....126.5		Omaha, Neb,...242.3	
28	Omaha, Neb....	Guthrie Centre.....105.3		Des Moines, Ia..159.0	
29	Des Moines....	Marengo, Ia.....	96.2	Davenport, Ia...219.8	
30	Davenport.....	Rochelle, Ill.....	102.8	Chicago 179.7	

VINDICATES ROOSEVELT

Sir Edward Gray Explains Guildhall Speech.

London, June 14.—Additional discussion in the house of commons last night brought out an unexpected defense of Theodore Roosevelt's much-discussed Guildhall speech in which he criticised the government's policy in Egypt, while at the same time paying a high tribute to the world-wide colonial achievements of the British nation.

In the course of a general discussion Sir Edward Grey, the foreign secretary, announced that Mr. Roosevelt's speech had been communicated to him before it was delivered. He had seldom listened to a speech with greater pleasure. Its friendly intention, he said, was obvious, and, taken as a whole, it was the greatest compliment to the work of one country ever paid by a citizen of another.

There was nothing in the present situation in Egypt, the foreign secretary declared, to occasion disquiet or justify a sudden resort to unusual methods, but if the symptoms already noted of anti-British agitation continued, the government would take measures to assert its authority and protect the Egyptian ministers who followed the government's advice.

This statement is a complete rebuff to those who have said Mr. Roosevelt was discourteous in criticising his hosts, for he had taken the pains to submit his criticisms to the representative of the government best fitted to pass upon them. It also was made plain that the government is planning to follow in Egypt the course advised by Mr. Roosevelt should it become necessary.

DUTCH SCHOONER IS WRECKED

Willemstad, June 14.—The government schooner Van Herdt has been wrecked on the northeast coast of Curacoa. The captain, crew and passengers, with the exception of four sailors and one passenger, were drowned. The lost include the governor of Buen Ayre.

The Van Herdt was bound for this port from Buen Ayre, a Dutch West Indian island on the Venezuelan coast, 30 miles east of the island of Curacoa. She struck during the thick weather of Sunday night. The schooner was a small craft engaged in the inter-island traffic of the Dutch Antilles. Her passengers were residents of the islands.

GRAND ARMY AT XENIA

Fair Weather for State Encampment Opening.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Xenia, June 14.—The first day of the G. A. R. encampment gladdens all with clear skies and warm sunshine, probably largely increasing the attendance, estimates of which ae now made at from 12,000 to 15,000.

Chas. A. Miller, of Cincinnati, has withdrawn as candidate for department commander, and while other candidates may possibly be announced, the election of John Kissane, also of Cincinnati, seems assured.

The city is in holiday attire, practically every residence and business house being decorated in competition for prizes offered. Four hundred automobiles will compete in a parade today for $200 in cash prizes for best decorated cars.

Opening sessions of the G. A. R., W. R. C., S. of V., Daughters of Veterans, S. of V. auxiliary and Ladies of G. A. R. were held this morning. The W. R. C. presented beautiful silk flags to Xenia's two high schools, this custom being annually observed at its star meetings. A few survivors of the 127 Ohio soldiers who were voted medals of honor by congress are holding a reunion. About 15 expected to attend.

Various G. A. R. posts are entering the city with full membership, escorted by Xenia's Sons of Veterans' band.

Mrs. Lulu Huffman, Wilmington, will probably be re-elected department president of the Women's Relief corps, although there is a good following behind Mrs. Ada M. Timmerman, of Toledo, for the office.

Governor Harmon will give an address at the camp fire Wednesday night.

HAMILTON IS EAGER

Wants to Break Paulhan's Cross-Country Record Without Stop.

New York, June 14.—Charles K. Hamilton, the young aviator whose remarkable cross-country flight yesterday to Philadelphia and return supplied the world of aviation with a new sensation and new records, is today looking for more aerial spaces to conquer. This morning found the daring aeroplanist refreshed by a good night's rest after his nerve-racking trip, and already planning further conquests of the air.

Hamilton is known to have one great ambition. It is to beat the record Paulhan established for a continuous cross-country flight. That 117 miles without a stop made by the French aviator in his journey from London to Manchester still stares the ambitious American in the face. Hamilton's 86-mile mark of yesterday falls considerably short of it, but he would have bettered it, he fully believes, had not trouble developed with his spark plugs, compelling his untimely descent in the Amboy marshes when nearing this city on the return trip and preventing his making a circuit around the city which would have added some 40 miles to his journey's length. It is known that Hamilton intends at the first opportunity to undertake a flight that will give him the chance which ill-fortune spoiled yesterday.

Although disappointed in this one particular, Hamilton did enough in his yesterday's performance, seemingly, to have satisfied almost anyone. To him belongs the honor of having first flown forward and backward across country between two big cities in one day, and the satisfaction of having accomplished an 86-mile trip exactly on schedule time. New world-feats, both these.

The record for the longest cross-country flight in America is also Hamilton's by his yesterday's performance. His total distance to Philadelphia and return was 175 miles, as against the 150 miles Curtiss flew from Albany to New York in the next longest American flight. Paulhan's flight from London to Manchester beat it by only 11 miles, and a recent flight in France by Henry Farnam by but two miles. Hamilton, according to revised official figures, was in the air three hours and 34 minutes, maintaining an average speed from New York to Philadelphia of 46.92 miles an hour and from Philadelphia to New York of 51.36 miles an hour.

YOUNG AVIATOR'S FLIGHT BREAKS ALTITUDE RECORD

Indianapolis, June 14.—Soaring to a height of 4,384½ feet, Walter Brookins, in a Wright biplane yesterday broke the world's aeroplane record for altitude at the national aviation meet at the Indianpolis speedway.

Brookins' achievement followed exhibition flights by several pupils of Orville and Wilbur Wright. None of the other entrants was prepared to fly, except G. L. Baumbaugh; of Indianapolis, and his biplane was wrecked before he had started.

Baumbaugh lost control of the forward plane, and the machine fell to the ground from a height of 10 feet. It was smashed with the aviator under it. The wreckage took fire and Baumbaugh would have been burned had not mechanics ran to his assistance. He was slightly cut and bruised.

Brookins' high flight, in which he exceeded the record of 4,165 feet made by Louis Paulhan at Los Angeles last fall, was also a speed triumph. According to the register of the instruments, announced by A. B. Lambert, of St. Louis, official timekeeper, Brookins was 1,900 feet in the air seven minutes after he left the earth. He rose to that point in a wide circle. The whir of the propellers was then lost to the throng of spectators and the aeroplane appeared only a cross floating in the sky.

Continuing his circles, Brookins rose steadily at a speed estimated at 60 miles an hour. Thirty minutes after he had started he reached his highest altitude and began the descent, maneuvering at lower and lower levels until, at a height of 100 feet he shut off the motor and glided easily to the ground alongside the starting rail. The Wright brothers and the other aviators gathered around Brookins, cheering with the spectators as he stepped out of the machine.

TAFT'S VIEWS PREVAIL

Conferees Agree to Railroad Bill.

Washington, June 14.—The conferees of the senate and house reached a complete agreement on the railroad bill at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon, and Senator Elkins immediately presented the report to the senate. The conferees have been at the White House daily since their appointment, and there has been every desire on their part to conform to the President's wishes in perfecting the bill.

There was some friction over putting into the bill the paragraph authorizing the appointment of a commission by the President to take up the subject of stock watering by the railroads. The President remained firm in his insistence that there should be some such provision, and the conferees have acceded to his wishes.

The long and short haul clause as adopted by the house provides that railroads shall not charge more for a short haul than for a long haul. The interstate commerce commission is given power to decide when exception may be made to this rule by reason of water competition, etc.

It has been claimed by some of the senate progressives that the language of the house provision delegates legislative authority to the commerce commission, and that the provision, therefore, is unconstitutional. The conferees and the President evidently did not take this position.

In this connection there is a chance that the conference report may be held up in the senate because of the action of the conferees in taking the house provision, but not much delay is expected.

The conference committee adopted the house long and short haul provision and the senate provision in regard to the suspension of the increase in rates. The latter section provides, in effect, that the proposed increases shall not go into effect for a period of 11 months from the time notice is given by the railroads; but is provided further that the interstate commerce commission shall give to hearings on such questions preference over all other questions pending before it and shall make decisions thereon as speedily as possible.

CANNON WILL LECTURE

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Bellefontaine, June 14.—A telegram from Speaker Cannon received here is to the effect that he has reconsidered canceling his speaking dates and will appear on the Chautauqua platform in this city, Wednesday, July 27.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS

New York, June 14—Henry Clews says: A decided change for the better has taken place in the financial situation since the dissolution of the government's injunction suit against the railroads. The prospects now are that the railroad bill introduced at Washington will be the first object of legislation, and a fair chance exists of this troublesome question being adjusted before the adjournment of congress, which is not far distant. The proposed measure is one of great importance, inasmuch as it proposes to regulate rates, to regulate the issue of securities, to ascertain physical valuation and to do many other things with the railroads; some of which are wise and some of which are highly visionary.

Perhaps the brightest development of the week was the government crop report; the advices as to spring wheat being better than expected. The indications now are for a total wheat crop of 702,000,000 bushels, against a harvest last year of 737,000,000 bu. This suggests a shrinkage of about 25,000,000 bushels as a result of poorer condition than a year ago. An oats crop of 1,021,000,000 bushels is indicated, or about 13,000,000 bushels in excess of last year, while the outlook for barley is for a crop of 179,000,000 bushels, or about 8,000,000 bushels in excess of last year. There is also a probability of a big hay crop, although no returns for this product have thus far been furnished. For cotton, the outlook is about 13,000,000 bales, or fully 3,000,000 more than last year. High prices for meats may continue for a period, since more time is required for increasing supplies; but it is known that consumption of meats has been materially checked, and a very considerable increase in the supply of hogs will occur this year, which is already affecting the price of such products.

The liquidation which has recently taken place in grain and cotton is beneficial in more ways than one. It will tend to lower the cost of living; put an end to dangerous speculation, and facilitate more normal conditions in our foreign trade. Already imports are declining and exports increasing as the result of lower prices, and the profit of our foreign trade which has so long been abnormal and unfavorable is returning to the normal. Nor is there any likelihood of an early return to recent conditions. Europe also is being favored with large crops, which will tend to keep down food prices abroad, and the injurious upward manipulation in American markets. Security values are now exceedingly low: many stocks aer selling on a 6 per cent basis; weak spots have been thoroughly eliminated; the short interest is large enough to be an element of strength; the outlook is for easy money until the autumn; the prospects of stringency then have been materially moderated by recent liquidation; the situation abroad is again becoming more favorable for American investments; hysteria is abating, and all things considered the outlook is for a better, though somewhat nervous and irregular market. Much will depend upon the crops: if these prove satisfactory, the stock market will be benefited accordingly.

BRITISH STEAMER IS ASHORE

Wrecking Tugs Go to Her Aid Off Virginia Coast.

Norfolk, Va., June 14.—The British steamer Dundonian, from Cuba to Baltimore with a full cargo of iron ore, stranded on the Virginia coast last night two and a half miles south of Cape Henry during a dense fog. Wrecking tugs are alongside.

Her position today is well in toward shore, but it is thought that with the assistance now at hand the vessel can be floated. It may be necessary to discharge her cargo before she can be moved into deeper water. The crew remains abroad. The weather is still thick and misty but the water is not rough.

The Dundonian is a large British tramp that has been trading for some time between American and West Indian ports. She has frequently carried coal from Norfolk to Panama for the canal construction work there.

NOW BRAZIL HAS TROUBLE

Insurgents in Acre Declare Their Independence.

Berlin, June 14.—Advices received by the German Cablegram Co. from Rio de Janeiro state that insurgents in the prefecture of Jurua, in the Acre district of western Brazil, have driven out the governor and declared their independence.

The Acre Territory, where an insurrection is reported to have occurred, has an area of about 74,000 about 70,000. The territory was acquired by Brazil from Bolivia in 1902. The Indian element predominates.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, June 6.—Senate—The senate voted to take up for consideration the conservation bill authorizing the president, at his discretion, to withdraw from entry and settlement the public lands, thus sidetracking the bill admitting New Mexico and Arizona to statehood. Senator Hughes and other Democrats showed an inclination to charge bad faith on the part of the Republicans, because, as they said, there had been an understanding not to consider the question of statehood immediately after action upon the railroad bill. A number of Republican senators gave assurance that the statehood bill should be given first place on the calendar after the disposal of the conservation bill, but the Democrats were not satisfied with these statements. Senator Nelson sharply criticised the conservation policy, especially as applied to Alaska, which was considered significant because of his position at the head of the Ballinger - Pinchot investigating committee.

House — The consideration of bills, chiefly of local interest, by unanimous consent, occupied the entire session of the house. Among the many measures passed were bills authorizing the appointment of a commission to investigate the matter of employers' liability and workmen's compensation, and also admitting as second-class mail matter periodical publications of benevolent and fraternal societies, institutions of learning, trades unions and professional, literary, historical and scientific societies.

Tuesday, June 7.—Senate—In the senate five hours was occupied with criticisms of the administration of the public land laws of the United States in connection with the consideration of the public land withdrawal bill. Set speeches were made against the bill by Senators Clark of Wyoming and Heyburn of Idaho.

House—The railroad bill was sent to conference and consideration of the postal savings bank bill was begun in the House. An ineffectual attempt was made by Democrats and "insurgents" in the house, under the leadership of Representative Lenroot of Wisconsin, to agree to the senate amendments to the railroad bill and avoid a conference. Mr. Lenroot's motion was defeated, 156 to 162, 21 insurgents voting with the Democrats for the motion, while 6 Democrats voted with the regular Republicans against it. The postal savings bank bill was taken up by the house after the adoption of a rule limiting debate to eight hours and requiring a vote on the measure without amendment. An agreement was made under which it is expected the bill will be voted on next Thursday.

Wednesday, June 8.—Senate—The sundry civil appropriation bill and the conference report on the rivers and harbors bill monopolized the attention of the senate, but no action was taken on either. Senators Borah and Newlands criticised the rivers and harbors bill in sharp language, both of them denouncing it as a "pork barrel."

House—In the house the entire session was occupied by a debate upon the Olmstead bill creating a new form of civil government for the island of Porto Rico. Before adjournment the house began reading of this bill for amendment, thus practically insuring its final disposition next Wednesday, when under the rules it will again be taken up.

Thursday, June 9.—Senate—After agreeing to the conference report on the rivers and harbors bill the senate today took up the sundry civil appropriation, but adjourned without concluding its consideration. The provision eliminating the house restriction on use of funds for prosecution under the anti-trust law so as to make them inapplicable to peaceable combinations, wage-earners, etc., was the subject of criticism, but ultimately accepted. An amendment appropriating $100,000 to permit the President to investigate the various executive departments of the government with a view to better economy was adopted.

House—By the overwhelming vote of 195 to 101 the house today passed the postal savings bank bill. Twenty-four Democrats joined the Republicans in voting for the final passage of the bill. The Democratic substitute for the bill of the majority was rejected, 113 to 196.

Friday, June 10.—Senate—In connection with the sundry civil bill the senate today listened to a revival of the tariff discussion of last session, Senator Beveridge being the principal speaker. The Indiana senator spoke in advocacy of the provision of the bill authorizing the expenditure of $250,000 to aid in procuring information looking to the proper administration of the tariff law. He referred to this legislation as the first step toward the tariff commission. Senator Hale declared Mr. Beveridge's purpose to be the destruction of the present tariff law.

House—By a vote of 48 to 71 the house declined to recede from its disagreement from the senate amendment appropriating for the expenses of an automobile for Speaker Cannon, the same action being pursued in the case of the allowance proposed by the senate for Vice President Sherman's automobile. All other amendments of the legislative bill were agreed to.

The partial conference report on the naval bill was agreed to. The house accepted the proposal of the senate to build one battleship in a government navy yard and a $1,000,000 collier on the Pacific coast.

The report of the conferees on the rivers and harbors bill was agreed to, the total appropriations and authorizations being $51,947,718.

Saturday, June 11—Senate—Practically the entire day in the senate was devoted to a general discussion of the tariff question in connection with the provision in the sundry civil appropriation bill appropriating $250,000 for collecting information bearing on the present tariff law. Senators Clay, Aldrich, Bailey, Hale, Warren, Beveridge, Smoot, Cummins, Heyburn and Dolliver were among the speakers, and the discussion was harmonious at times. The provision was undisposed of and the discussion will be resumed Monday. The final conference report on the legislative, judicial and executive appropriation was accepted.

House—The house was occupied with private bills.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., June 14.—Vigorous buying, based chiefly on firm cables, caused a sharp upturn in wheat at the outset. Ideal weather all over had a tendency to hold bulls in leash. At Chicago, commission houses, led by Bartlett, purchased freely early in the session. Selling was done by Shearson & Harris. In the Toledo territory, wheat is reported in fair condition, cool, damp weather tending to produce a good growth, especially of the roots. While the crop is hardly as well along as in former years, the situation is not at all discouraging. Toledo cash opened 1c higher at $1.05½; July ¾c advanced at 94⅝c, September ¾c higher at 92¼c and December 1¼c up at 93½c. The market quieted down in the initial half hour.

On the whole the market was nervous. Following the early rise came a bulge as the result of shorts covering on dry weather reports in the northwest. Toledo cash closed 1½c up at $1.06, July ¾c up at 94⅝c, September ¼c higher at 92⅝c and September ¾c advanced at 94c.

Strong buying by country houses was the main bull card in corn. Warm weather was against reckless purchasing. Toledo July opened ⅜c higher at 60c, September ⅜c up at 60¼c, December ½c higher at 57¾c and May ¼c up at 59½c.

Corn finals—Cash 59½c, July 59⅞c, September 60¼c, December 57⅝c, May 59c. Sympathy from wheat helped the market.

Shorts bought heavily in the oats pit at Chicago and prices went, strength of other grains adding sympathetic influence. Toledo July opened unchanged at 37⅝c, September ⅛c higher at 35½c and December ¼c up at 36½c.

Closing oats values: Cash 39c, July 38¼c, September 35¾c and December 36½c.

Clover seed prices, which follow, were unchanged: Cash, $6.80; October and December, $6.55; March, $6.65.

Clover seed prices, which follow, were unchanged at the opening: Cash, $6.80; October and December, $6.55; March, $6.65. Scattered selling and lack of support weakened the market late in the day and caused a 5c break in the near months and 10c in the far future.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close June 15.	June 14.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.05½	....	....	1.06	1.04½
July	94⅝	94⅝	94⅝	95⅞	93⅝
Sept	92¼	92¾	92¼	92⅝	91½
Dec	93½	....	....	94	93¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	59½	59½
July	60	....	59⅝	59⅞	59⅝
Sept	60¼	60½	60	60¼	....
Dec	57⅝	....	....	57⅝	57½
May	59⅛	....	....	59	58⅞
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	39	39½
July	37¾	....	....	38⅛	37⅝
Sept	35½	....	....	35¾	35½
Dec	36½	....	36½	36½	36¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.80	....